

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVII. }

No. 1706.—February 24, 1877.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXII.

CONTENTS.

I. FOREL ON THE ANTS OF SWITZERLAND, <i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	451
II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Mac Donald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part X.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , 468
III. MAGAZINE LITERATURE,	<i>Church Quarterly Review</i> , 476
IV. GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE. By Edward Barrington de Fonblanque,	<i>New Quarterly Review</i> , 482
V. THE EASTERN POLAR BASIN. By Augustus Petermann,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , 494
VI. MARIUCCIA,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 500
VII. WIT IN COURT,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> , 512

POETRY.

MORBEGNO,	450
-------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

MORBEGNO.

THERE is a long straight road in Lombardy
Bordered with stunted trees and maize and vines,

And at its side the stealthy Adda slides,
Spreading the poison of its humid breath ;
While dismal mists like wandering spectres
steal

From rush-grown marshes and from osier beds,
And lay their cruel hands on human life,
Strangling its joy with clutch of fell disease.

We travelled on this road one summer day,
And at Morbegno rested for an hour ;
The deadly mists hung close around the town,
The faded town, with houses gaunt and old,
And frescoes peeling from the mildewed walls,
And trouble-smitten people in the streets.

I see them still — those piteous haunting eyes
That gaze out wistfully from lifelong woe,
The vacant smile, the sad distorted face,
The wrinkled skin, the aimless feeble hands.

And through the mists there came a sound
of bells,

In chimes that still had sweetness of their own,
But yet had lost the clue which guided them,
And had forgotten what they used to say.

O sweet, sad bells ! O never-ended chime !
My voice went forth to God with those wild
notes —

"Hast thou, indeed, made all men here for
naught ?

Do they not cry aloud these souls of thine
Whom thou hast formed to suffer till they die ?
What have they done, these weary stricken
ones,

That age to age should hand their misery
down,

One generation sending on thy curse
To that which follows in its hopeless track ?
I call thee Father, and in thy great-name
Thy spirit binds to mine in bonds of love
All human beings on this world of thine :
Brothers and sisters thou hast made us, Lord.
I cannot bear the woe of these I love,
Let me but suffer for them. O my God,
Gather thy wrath, thy vengeance in one cup,
And pour it out on me, but give them joy.

"Of old it 'was expedient one should die,
And that all should not perish.' Let it be
Thy will once more, and bid the plague be
stayed.

See, in their misery they kneel to thee,
These men and women who must bear thy
curse,

See how they gather round the wayside shrine
And lift their weary hands to him who hangs
Upon the cross, and comforts human hearts
By having known the worst of human pain.
The 'Man of Sorrows' is their only God ;
What should they know of One who reigns
alone

Above all suffering and human want,

In endless plenitude of joy unknown

To them by anything which life can show ?"

Such my wild prayer, and in my soul I heard
An answer wrought of pain and faith and hope.

"O foolish human heart that wrongest me,
How long shall I bear with you, yea, how long
Suffer you still to take my name in vain ?

How can those half-blind eyes that scan the
gloom

See anything aright of all my work,
And seeing not, why judge me in the dark ?

Perchance some day the clearer light will
show

That pain, disease, and grief are gifts as great
As strength and health and joy, which seem
so dear.

Perchance some day in gazing back on life,
From some high standing-place much further
on,

Your soul will give its verdict. 'Even this,
This place of doom in all its dreariness
Was nearer to the blessed light of God
Than I who pitied, and who prayed for it,' —
And you shall envy those who suffered here,
Who worked God's will through loathsomest
disease,

And helped the world's redemption by their
pain."

I bowed my head, my heart was humbled
now.

"Father, forgive me. Like Morbegno's bells
The ending of my cry is lost in doubt,
Accept once more that plea made long ago
By one who trusted thee. O, not alone
For those he saw, Christ prayed his latest
prayer,

We know not what we do, or say, or think.
Father, forgive us. Let thy will be done." —
And if it be that human misery
Is working out God's will, ye suffering ones,
Bear on through all things, for your rich re-
ward

Is greater than our human hearts can grasp,
Is deeper than our finite souls can reach.
O weary men, your pain is dear to God ;
O women, who must bring your children forth
Knowing them born to lives of misery,
Take comfort, the eternal will is sweet,
And ye are working out its large behest
Though life is bitter. Children, with those
eyes

So full of sorrow, and of coming doom,
Our Father loves you, and the end is great
Though hidden far away from human sight.
Brothers and sisters, I could almost think
I hear the secret told which no man knows,
When I recall those patient weary eyes,
That gaze out wistfully on lifelong woe.
And God stays in Morbegno till the end,
While we pass on to Como and forget.

Macmillan's Magazine.

F. M. OWEN.

From The Edinburgh Review.

FOREL ON THE ANTS OF SWITZERLAND.*

OF all subjects relating to the natural history of animals there is, perhaps, none more curious, attractive, and varied than that of insects, and of this class the order known to entomologists by the name of *Hymenoptera* stands prominently out, and has just claims to hold the first place amongst the other orders of the insect world.

The various members of this order are characterized by some remarkable peculiarities of structure, and by a highly developed instinct and intelligence; they are often excellent architects, and build for themselves and their young dwellings of elaborate form; they show an unbounded love of their offspring, which they guard with the greatest care and self-sacrifice; form governments, send forth colonies, and even in some instances capture slaves, whose labors they appropriate to themselves. Bees, wasps, ants, ichneumons, gall-flies, and saw-flies are examples of the order *Hymenoptera* more or less familiar to every one. The insects of this order have the following characteristics: all possess four wings; the female has an ovipositor in the shape of an auger or a saw, or a poisonous sting; all undergo a complete metamorphosis; the larvæ are generally helpless and footless grubs, and require to be supplied with food. Bees, wasps, and ants have engaged the attention of observers from the earliest times; it is the last-named alone to which we shall confine our remarks in this article. Ants belong to that section of the *Hymenoptera* known as the *Aculeata*, because in some cases the insects possess a poisonous sting; the species are either social or solitary; the latter (*Mutillidæ* Leach) consist only of two sexes, male and female; the males are always winged, the females wingless. The social ants (*Formicidæ*

and *Myrmicidæ* Leach) form communities, and consist of males, females, and workers or neuters; these last — though certainly not least in importance — are really immature females with aborted ovaries, and as a rule, to which, however, rare exceptions may occur, incapable of producing fertile eggs. It is of the social ants alone that we have to speak.

There is such a flood of curious matter surrounding the natural history of ants made known to us by patient modern observers, that we have not space at command for recording what the ancient classical writers have handed down, so we pass over the story of Herodotus about some Indian ants as large as foxes, which throw up hills of sand mixed with gold, and take no notice of the fables of Aristotle, Plutarch, and Pliny. Leuwenhoek, the patient Dutch philosopher and microscopist, and Swammerdam, the insect anatomist, are amongst the first to give us any real information on ants. The former studied their metamorphosis, and showed that the large white oval bodies which had hitherto been regarded as eggs were the larvæ or cocoons, the true eggs being very small bodies. Swammerdam confirmed the observations of his distinguished predecessor, manifesting deep and laborious research as well as giving very lucid descriptions; he traces the changes from the footless larva to the developed nymph, correctly telling us that the males and females have wings, that the rest, often a numberless host, are the neuters or workers as amongst bees and wasps, and that some of the larvæ are naked, others enclosed in cocoons. We must not forget to mention the name of an Englishman, William Gould, who in 1747 published "An Account of English Ants," in which he gives accurate information on the architecture of ants, their manners and customs, etc.; he denies that ants store up grains of corn for winter food, and correctly states that the ants of this country at least never eat corn nor, indeed, anything else in the winter time; he suggests, however, as has turned out to be the case, that perhaps foreign species do so. Mentioning only the names of Linneus, Geoffroy, Reaumur, Bonnet, De Geer, and

* 1. *Les Fourmis de la Suisse. Systématique, Notes Anatomiques et Physiologiques, Architecture, Distribution Géographique, Nouvelles Expériences et Observations de Mœurs.* By AUGUSTE FOREL. Genève: 1874.

2. *Harvesting Ants.* By J. TRAHERNE MOGGRIDGE, F.L.S. London: 1873.

3. *Observations on Ants.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. Linnean Society's Journal, Vol. XII.

Latreille, we come to the historian of ants, the sagacious, patient, and accurate M. Pierre Huber, the more illustrious son of an illustrious father; for it is to him that we are largely indebted for our knowledge of the habits and economy of these little insects. Huber's researches into the natural history of the ants of Switzerland embrace the subjects of their architecture, their development, the conduct of the workers to the fertilized females, their wars, their slave-making habits, migrations, affection for their comrades, their strange relations with the aphides and gall-insects, their internal language, etc. "Of so romantic a nature" did some of Huber's recorded facts appear to many, that he expresses himself happy that since the publication of his work he had frequently witnessed what he had described, and that he was not the only person who had noticed them, but that several good observers in Switzerland had themselves been eye-witnesses of the same facts, amongst whom he mentions especially and with pride the distinguished name of Latreille. "I can truly declare," says he, "that I have neither been led aside by fertile imagination, nor by a love of the marvellous." But we owe still further, though indirect, obligations to Pierre Huber, because his published researches have been the means of bringing before the entomological student one of the most valuable monographs ever published on this or any other subject of a similar nature; we allude to the great work of M. Auguste Forel, "*Les Fourmis de la Suisse*"—a work which has been justly crowned by the Swiss Society of Natural Science, and one which for some time will probably remain the chief authority on all that pertains to the history of ants. M. Forel in his preface distinctly states that his perusal of the admirable work of Pierre Huber in 1859 so intensely interested him, that he set himself at once to the study, and it is most pleasant to find that M. Forel's own researches confirm the general accuracy and truthfulness of Huber's work.

In England we are chiefly, as well as considerably, indebted to Mr. Frederick Smith, of the British Museum, for information "On the Genera and Species of

British Formicidæ," and to Sir John Lubbock, who has for some time been studying the habits of ants, and who has published in the "Journal of the Linnean Society" some very curious and interesting experiments; the same accomplished naturalist is still continuing his patient investigations, the result of which, it is probable, may incline us to be somewhat sceptical as to the inferences drawn from certain recorded facts, more especially with regard to the far-seeing wisdom of ants, their powers of communication, and their affection for their companions.

The various species of social ants must be extremely numerous; Mr. F. Smith, several years ago, said we have six hundred and ninety recorded species.

The metropolis of the group [he adds] undoubtedly lies in the tropics; and when we reflect upon the observation of Mr. Bates, who has collected for some years in Brazil—"I think," says that observant naturalist, "the number in the valley of the Amazons alone cannot be less than four hundred species"—if this prove to be the case how limited must our present knowledge of the group be! The imagination is unable even to guess at the probable amount of species, when we remember that Mr. Bates is speaking of a single valley in Brazil; and were the vast expanse of South America, North America, Africa, Australia, and its adjacent islands, India, and other parts of Asia, searched by diligent naturalists, there can be little doubt that the *Formicidæ* would equal in number, if not exceed, that of any other tribe of insects. ("Catalogue of Formicidæ," p. 2.)

The ants of the British Isles are by no means numerous in species, twenty-eight only being enumerated in Mr. F. Smith's catalogue, while many of these are very rare; perhaps there are not more than some eight or nine species that may be considered as common.

M. Forel divides the social ants into three families: (1) the *Formicidæ*, (2) *Poneridæ*, (3) *Myrmicidæ*. The *Formicidæ* have no sting; they possess a single scale or node at the base of the abdomen; there is no contraction after the first segment of the abdomen; the nymphæ are sometimes naked, sometimes enclosed in cocoons. In the *Poneridæ* the females and workers have a sting; the males are

destitute of one; the abdomen is contracted after the first segment, and the nymphæ are enclosed in cocoons. The *Myrmicidæ* have a sting as in the *Poneridæ*, there are two scales at the pedicel or abdominal base, and the nymphæ are always naked. The neuters or workers are in some species of two different sizes, and their functions are different; for while the smaller neuters occupy themselves with architectural constructions and the various duties of a household, the larger ones have military duties only to perform.

The nests and architectural abodes of ants are of various forms and sizes, according to locality, accidental surroundings, and the seasons of the year; some nests, or parts of nests, are only provisional, others last for years; some parts of a nest are of different structure from others; in some the population is large, in others small, and this occurs amongst the individuals of the same species; some nests are open on all sides, others are entirely covered in. They are never constructed after a geometrical plan like the hexagonal cells of the bee and wasp, which make nests of a certain definite pattern, varying according to the species of the building-insect. Ants, on the contrary, are able to vary the forms of their nests according to circumstances and their own peculiar advantages, showing quite a genius for new combinations. In some hot countries there are nomad ants which make no nests, and form living balls on trees; but in Europe all the species of the social ants construct nests or abodes, whither they retire in winter, and where they often collect together in clusters. The most simple form of a nest is a burrow, which at first is a mere hole, whether in the ground or in the bark of a tree; these burrows may have both an entrance and exit hole. The nests of some species, on the other hand, show elaborate structure. M. Forel, in his interesting chapter on the architecture of nests, makes the following five great divisions: 1, nests of pure earth; 2, nests bored in wood; 3, nests of card-board, wood, or other material; 4, nests of composite materials; 5, abnormal nests. Each of these admits of several varieties of structure according to the

habits and wants of the different species. Thus there are earth-nests of built-up domes, nests formed by undermining, nests under stones; nests in wood may be scooped out of the wood itself or the inner surface of the bark, portions of the solid parts being left for pillars and partitions, reminding one of the human worker in our coal and salt mines. Paper or card-board nests are very rare, there being only one European species which constructs this kind of nest, the *Lasius fuliginosus* Latreille. Nests formed of composite materials may consist of underground minings surmounted by a dome, or they may be formed with no dome-like superstructure in old decayed tree roots and trunks. The wood-ant, hill or horse ant (*Formica rufa*) of this country is a familiar example of the former kind of nest-builder, while the extremely common *Myrmica scabrinodis* may be frequently found in nests of the latter description. The hill or wood ant is the largest of our British species; the ant-hill or dome-like exterior is only a portion of the nest; the materials of which it is composed consist of earth mixed with almost any transportable substances within reach, such as bits of grass, stalks, small dry twigs, the needle-like leaves of the larch, bits of dry leaves, etc. M. Forel mentions the occurrence also of various bodies more or less spherical, as little stones and shells of small molluscs. Huber has detailed the formation of the nest of this species.

To form an idea how the straw or stubble roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill in its origin, where it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth thrown up, in hollowing the interior with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants, and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are kept entire during the whole time

of its construction; we soon observe it to become convex, but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or storeys. Having observed the motions of these little masons through a pane of glass which I adjusted against one of their habitations, I am enabled to speak with some degree of certainty of the manner in which they are constructed. It is by excavating or mining the under-portion of their edifice that they form their spacious halls, low, indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving at certain hours of the day the larvæ and pupæ. These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which afterwards hardening in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill without any injury to the rest; it moreover strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair or deserted by its inhabitants. The ants are extremely well-sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building; it is much loftier than the rest and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling; it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence. As to the underground portion, it can only be seen when the ant-hill is placed against a declivity; all the interior may then be readily brought in view by simply raising up the straw roof. The subterranean residence consists of a range of apartments excavated in the earth, taking an horizontal direction.

M. Forel has drawn particular attention to small bits of grass-stems or of wood, thirteen centimetres long and one and one-half millimetres in diameter, which the ants employ in forming their galleries; these are the beams which give support to the galleries and chamber; they are arranged crossways interlacing one another, and the interstices are filled up with rounded materials; these galleries admit of being constructed into walls in different parts of the nest, by the filling up of the interstices between the beams, thus separating the small chambers and forming distinct galleries.

According to Huber ants seem to be aware of the approach of rain. "When the sky is cloudy in the morning, or rain is indicated, the ants, who seem to be

aware of it, open but in part their several avenues, and immediately close them when the rain commences."

We must not dwell longer on these interesting points connected with the architecture of these little builders, except to notice the paper-made nest of the fuliginous ant of Huber, the *Lasius fuliginosus* of more recent authorities. This species is one which excavates its abode in wood, and is the only paper-builder amongst ants. The oak, the willow, and other trees are occupied by these small ants, and sometimes entirely hollowed out by them; the nest consists of numberless storeys, more or less horizontal, with floors and ceilings five or six lines distant from each other as thin as a playing card, supported by vertical partitions forming an infinity of chambers, or by a series of small slender columns, allowing one to see between them to the extent of an almost entire storey; the whole is composed of "a blackish and as it were smoked color." By what means is the paper material manufactured by this ant? Meinert thinks that it is composed of woody particles, and a substance secreted by certain mandibular and metathoracic glands. M. Forel is inclined to agree with Meinert, but the ants which he kept in confinement and which he supplied with sawdust, refused to work with it under his observation. Leaving the nests themselves, let us notice their various inhabitants, such as eggs, larvæ, nymphæ, and the perfect insects, — as the females, males, and neuters.

After the female has deposited some eggs they are taken up by the workers and deposited in little packets. The eggs increase in size after exclusion, and this growth it is supposed is occasioned by the very curious habit of the workers' constantly licking them for about fifteen days, nourishment being supplied by a kind of endomose or the transmission of some nutritious substance from without inwards through the walls of the egg. This curious fact of licking the eggs did not escape the notice of Huber, who witnessed it under one of his large bell-glasses. "On looking a little closer," he says, "we find that they turn them continually with their tongues; it even appears they pass them one after the other between their mandibles, and thus keep them constantly moistened." The eggs are whitish or opaquely yellowish. Unlike bees, there is no appreciable difference between the eggs which produce females, males, workers, or soldiers; the larva is a small white grub with a dozen indistinct rings, foot-

less, and eyeless; in most cases the larvæ are incapable of any motion with the exception of the mouth, which opens freely for food. When hungry the little grub opens its mouth, and the workers approach and disgorge honied sweets in a liquid form therein. These grubs are utterly helpless, and the workers not only feed them, but caress them with licking, clean them and transport them from one part of the nest to another, that they may have the proper degree of temperature. The larvæ which are to develop into females have the same kind of food as those which will become males and workers; unlike the bees whose queen-larva requires a different diet from the worker-larva. Sometimes the workers carry off several larvæ, smaller ones adhering to larger ones; if a larva is by accident dropped, the worker does not recover its burden until it is touched with the antennæ.

The duration of life in the larva-state is, in some cases, long; certain larvæ hatched in the autumn do not become nymphæ till July in the following year (*Solenopsis fugax*); others appearing as eggs in April, become nymphæ about the end of May.

The nymphæ in some species are enclosed in cocoons, in others they are naked, but sometimes the same species has both kinds; they are always motionless and neither eat nor grow; the workers show as much anxious solicitude for the nymphæ as for the larvæ, cleaning and rubbing them, and transporting them from place to place as before. When a larva means to become an enclosed nymphæ, it fixes itself to the soil and spins a cocoon. Sometimes the nymphæ can release themselves from their coverings, the skin slitting longitudinally down the back by the lively movements of the inhabitants. M. Forel tells us that this self-liberation is not uncommon amongst the worker-nymphæ, but that the task is a more difficult one in the males and females, especially in the case of the former, when it rarely succeeds. The difficulty is caused by the large wings and abdomens of the two sexes; in such cases the aid of the workers is necessary. The help then given has been well described by Huber.

Several males and females lay in their enveloping membrane in one of the largest cavities of my glazed ant-hill. The laborers, assembled together, appeared to be in continual motion around them. I noticed three or four mounted upon one of these cocoons, endeavoring to open it with their teeth at that ex-

trémity answering to the head of the nymphæ. They began thinning it by tearing away some threads of silk where they wished to pierce it; and at length, by dint of pinching and biting the tissue, so extremely difficult to break, they formed in it a vast number of apertures. They afterwards attempted to enlarge these openings by tearing or drawing away the silk; but these efforts proving ineffectual, they passed one of their teeth into the cocoon, through the apertures they had formed, and by cutting each thread one after the other, with great patience, at length effected a passage of a line in diameter in the superior part of the web. They now uncovered the head and feet of the insect to which they were desirous of giving liberty, but before they could release it, it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the opening; for this purpose these guardians cut out a portion in the longitudinal direction of the cocoon with their teeth alone, employing these instruments as we are in the habit of employing a pair of scissors. A considerable degree of agitation prevailed in this part of the ant-hill. A number of ants were occupied in disengaging the winged individual of its envelope; they took repose and relieved each other by turns, evincing great eagerness in seconding their companions in this undertaking. To effect its speedy liberation some raised up the portion, or *bandalette*, cut out in the length of the cocoon, whilst others drew it gently from its imprisonment. When the ant was extricated from its enveloping membrane, it was not, like other insects, capable of enjoying its freedom and taking flight. Nature did not will it that it should so soon be independent of the laborers. It could neither fly nor walk, nor stand, without difficulty, for the body was still confined by another membrane, from which it could not by its own exertions disengage itself. In this fresh embarrassment the laborers did not forsake it. They removed the satin-like pellicle which embraced every part of the body, drew the antennæ gently from their investment, then disengaged the feet and wings, and lastly the body, the abdomen and its peduncle. The insect was now in a condition to walk and receive nourishment, for which it appeared there was urgent need. The first attention, therefore, paid it by the guardians was that of giving it the food I had placed within their reach.

These facts recorded by Huber have been confirmed by Fenger and Forel.

The cast-off exuvie of the cocoons are in some species removed by the workers, and heaped up around the gates of the nest, or they are carried away to a distance, or mixed with the materials of the nest. The first instinct exhibited in the young worker-ant is a maternal one; as soon as it has learnt to know where and what it is, which requires some days, the young pale-colored worker exhibits the same care and anxiety for the yet unhatched cocoons as

the eiders. One important duty of the workers is to attend to the wings of the newly-born males and females, which they carefully extend and unfold; without this assistance the wings would remain folded up and useless for flight. Leaving the workers for a time, let us look at what takes place amongst the males and females. As amongst bees so amongst ants, the males are incapable of work, seem to lounge about the doors for some days, not knowing what to do, and hide themselves in the soil; they cannot defend themselves against enemies, and indeed, according to M. Forel, are incapable of distinguishing precisely between the neuters of their own swarm and foreign foes; they depend on the neuters for guidance and for food; if they wander away they must be brought back again by the neuters. But it is far otherwise with the female, which amongst ants at all events is "the superior creature." They help the neuters in their work, transport the larvæ or nymphæ from place to place, on required occasions, and follow readily the movements of the neuters, which, however, surpass them in intelligence. The fecundation of ants has been admirably described by Huber, with, to use the words of M. Forel, "an exactness which leaves nothing to be desired;" but Huber does not mention the innumerable varieties and exceptions which complicate this question. Speaking particularly of *Lasius flavus*, M. Forel tells us that males and females are hatched about the same time, that the two sexes are found nearly in all the swarms. As a rule the males are much more numerous than the females. After promenading about for some days, on some fine afternoon in August, increased agitation and bustle are seen on the surface of the ant-hill; some of the males fly away, other pursue the females; the scene becomes more and more lively, the neuters are more and more excited; now the males take flight and mount up to a great height, forming enormous swarms if the males and females of several adjacent ant-hills leave them on the same day. At this moment the males and females of the same species, and often of different species, mix together in the air promiscuously. The males of *F. flavus*, which are much smaller than the females, attach themselves to them, three or four together, and are thus carried through the air. The swarms thus sometimes obscure the heavens. Such swarms are generally to be seen on a fine day after a period of rain. Meanwhile what are the wingless neuters doing?

They lose no time, but seek for the fertilized females for the preservation of the nest; these they discover on the surface of the ant-hill, or on stems of grass not far away, for before the general flight into mid-air, a certain number of females have there been fertilized; and now a curious spectacle presents itself. The neuters throw themselves upon the females, tear off their wings and make them enter the nest. The aerial males and females never return to their former abode, to which the fertilized females especially show a decided aversion. "Our winged ants," says Huber, "when they quit the ant-hill, keep their back continually towards it, and go off in a right line to a distance, from which it would be no easy matter to perceive it. We might from this infer that they never return to it. But I did not confine myself entirely to this observation, for I kept sentry from the time of their departure until night, and even several days in succession, to be fully assured that they did not return to the ant-hill. In this way I have arrived at the conclusion that their return is one of those fables with which we have been a long time amused." On this point also Huber is confirmed by Forel.

Every one who has examined an ant-hill in the autumn must have observed a number of females without wings: what has become of these organs of flight just now so iridescent and beautiful? Huber shall tell us in his own graphic language. Having caught eight females, he placed them with some moistened earth in a garden vase covered with a glass receiver.

It was nine o'clock in the evening; at ten all the females had lost their wings, which I observed scattered here and there, and had hidden themselves under the earth. I had allowed the occasion to pass by of witnessing the separation of these fragile members, and of determining if possible what had produced it. On the following day I procured three other females in union with their males, and this time I observed them with the greatest attention from the moment of their fecundation until nine in the evening, a period of five hours. But during this time nothing was done to denote the approaching loss of their wings, which remained still firmly fixed. These females appeared to be in excellent condition; they passed their feet across their mouths, they glided them over the antennæ and rubbed the legs one against the other. I could not conceive what could retard the fall of their wings, whilst the other ants had lost them so readily. It is true that I placed those of which I am now speaking in a very strong box, completely closed, whilst the former were deposited in a transparent vault, offering not the

slightest appearance of a prison, and upon a ground more natural than the bottom of a sand-box, where there was no earth. I had no idea that a circumstance so trifling would have any influence upon these ants; however, having learned that it was necessary to place them as the first, I took some earth and strewed it lightly over the table, and then covered it with a bell-glass. I yet possessed three fecundated ants, one of which I introduced under the recipient. I induced her to go there freely, by presenting to her a fragment of straw, on which she mounted, and upon this I conveyed her to her new habitation without touching her; scarcely did she perceive the earth which covered the bottom of her abode, than she extended her wings, with some effort bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and producing so many singular contortions that her four wings fell off at the same moment in my presence. After this change she reposed, brushing her corselet with her feet, then traversed the ground, evidently appearing to seek a place of shelter. She seemed not to have the slightest idea that she was confined within a narrow enclosure. She partook of the honey I gave her, and at last found a hiding-place under some loose earth, which formed a little natural grotto.

Huber repeated these experiments on several female ants of different species, and always obtained the same result. Here we see, then, that in some instances the neuters forcibly detach the wings of the females; in others, that the act is a voluntary one self-inflicted by the females themselves. The mutilation when performed by the neuters takes place only in those cases in which the female ant is caught and forcibly detained by them. The wings of the females are very slightly articulated, much more slightly than are those of the males, so that but little effort is necessary to detach them, and doubtless very little pain is felt during the operation.

We have already seen that those female ants which have taken flight and have been fertilized in the air never return to their former abode; only those remain who have been fertilized on or near the ant-hill. What becomes then of the aerial fecundated females? Carried away by the wind to a distance from their natal ant-hill, it is perhaps scarcely probable that they shall ever find it again. But then they might easily find other ant-hills to which they might seek admittance. But alas! as amongst mankind, ants do not always treat their neighbors with kindness and hospitality; on the contrary, not only do they refuse to entertain a female stranger hospitably, they even attack and

murder her. Should an "unprotected female" by chance find her way to a neighboring ant-hill, even though the inmates may belong to her own species, she is almost certainly to be killed. "I have often had occasion," says Forel, "to see fecundated females of *pratensis*, *caespitum*, and *fusca* which had been running in the meadows to fall into the middle of an ant-hill of their own species and there to be killed by the neuters." Only once or twice did Forel succeed in persuading neuters to receive females of another ant-hill; more readily they will ally themselves with strange neuters than with the females. Should one or two neuters, however, which by accident had lost their way, fall in with one of these females, they will not attack her; they will either get out of her way or seek to form an alliance. In the midst of great danger from enemies, what are the females to do? They seek out a convenient spot and hollow out a small house, in which they lay their eggs, which to some extent they watch over; these nascent ant-hills are situated at a little depth in the earth; according to Huber, sometimes they are constructed by a single female ant, sometimes by several in common. A small number of neuters are generally seen by the side of the mother. Whence have these neuters come? Are they the first-hatched eggs of the mother herself which have already developed into neuters, or have they proceeded from elsewhere? Forel says that no positive case of a new ant-hill population (*fournilière*) founded by a single fertilized female is as yet known. M. Perrot, however, assured Huber that he once found "in a little underground cavity a female ant living solitary with four pupæ, of which she appeared to take great care." But Forel limits the nursing and rearing capabilities of the females themselves: "*pondent des œufs qu'elles soignent à moitié, sans savoir les mener seules à bien*;" "they lay eggs which they partly care for, without knowing how to bring them to good," i.e., "to rear them." Forel is supported by Gould, who says of some three or four females under his observation which had laid eggs, that "they did not seem to take any great notice of them." These neuters of a nascent nest are, therefore, probably a few individuals that had wandered from some ant-hill and had allied themselves with the female in her newly made abode. The females which have been fertilized on or near to the nest are at first forcibly kept in the nest by the workers, but after a few days they get

accustomed to their captivity and do not seek to go away. Sometimes there is only one female in the nest, at other times there may be as many as twenty or thirty; these lay eggs which will bring neuters and females the following year; they are generally attended by a court of neuters who lick them, feed them, take up their eggs, etc. The different females of the same ant-hill show no jealousy nor rivalry; "each has her court, they pass each other uninjured and sustain in common the population of the ant-hill, but they possess no power, which it would seem entirely lodges with the neuters. The numbers of eggs deposited by the females vary according to the species; the relative size of the abdomen will give a fair idea; some lay thousands, others but few." Forel considers the ordinary duration of life of both fertilized females and males is about one year. We must not forget to mention the presence of a certain number of female ants in a nest, which are not destined to become mothers; these do not voluntarily tear off their wings; neither do the workers do it for them; these virgin ants act the part of neuters, and it is not long before the wings get torn away by working in the soil; they are to be recognized by their agility compared with that of the other females, and the small size of their abdomens; they do not receive honor from the neuters, and are not surrounded by a court; compared with the intense activity of the neuters, these females may be considered rather lazy.

What becomes of the male ant after taking flight and leaving the abode which he will never visit again?

The life of male ants cannot be of long duration; deprived of their attendants, incapable of providing their own subsistence, and returning no more to the ant-hill that gave them birth, how can it possibly be of any long continuance? Their life is either naturally limited to a few weeks, or hunger will speedily terminate it; whatever it be, they disappear in a little time after the period of their amours, but they never fall victims, as happens with bees, to the fury of the laborers.

Nothing perhaps in the character of ants is more striking than the ferocity with which they fight, and of all the enemies those most dreaded are the ants themselves; the fury of these insects and the tenacity they exhibit in retaining hold of an enemy is perfectly astonishing; the ant is the bulldog amongst insects; it would be more easy to tear away their limbs and cut them in pieces than separate two hostile combatants. Here walks some indi-

vidual with manifest proof that he has been in the wars, for he carries suspended to one of his legs the head of some foe whom he had conquered, and which he carries about as a pledge of victory! There goes another worker dragging along the body of a foe which not even in death would relax his hold!

Ants make their attack openly; cunning is not in the number of their arms; those of which they make use are the saw-pincers they employ for carrying the materials of their nests, a sting resembling that of bees, and the venom which accompanies it, an acid liquid contained in their abdomen, which produces a slight irritation on the skin. These arms are only possessed by the females and workers to whom nature has confided the several interests of the colony. The females, doubtless too valuable to allow of their exposing their lives, always make their escape on the slightest danger. The workers are those only destined to defend their habitation. Several species are unprovided with a sting, but they supply its place by biting their enemy and pouring into the wound they inflict with their teeth a drop of venom, which renders it exceedingly painful. They bend for that purpose their abdomen, which contains the venomous liquid, and approach it to the wounded part at the very same moment they tear it with their pincers. When their adversaries keep only at a distance, and they are unable to reach them, they will raise themselves on their hind feet, and bringing their abdomen between their legs, spurt their venom with some degree of force. We see ascend from the whole surface of the nest a thick cloud of formic acid, which exhales an almost sulphureous odor (p. 183).

We have had before us each day for some time past some ants (*Myrmica ruginodis*) under observation in a glass vessel, and have frequently witnessed their conflicts. Introducing some individuals of the same species but from a different nest, we soon see numbers to engage generally in single combat. The ants seem to recognize each other and to distinguish friend from foe by crossing their antennæ; that done, if friends meet, they pass on; if enemies, immediately the fight begins. We have over and over again witnessed that kind of combat, which Forel designates *combats à froid*, or *combats chroniques*.

These combats [he says] almost always begin by what I shall call pullings (*tiraillements*); the ants seize themselves by the feet or by the antennæ, and pull themselves without violence, without great efforts, but with a wonderful tenacity; they keep continually touching each other with their antennæ. In this case the two adversaries never pour poison over each other nor bend their abdomens.

Nearly always one of the adversaries is patient, the other active; the first, without defending itself, submits with a stoical resignation; the other acts almost as the Indians do to their prisoners; it seizes an antenna of its victim, and endeavors, with a coolness truly infernal (*avec une tranquillité vraiment infernale*) to cut it, or rather to saw it off with its mandibles; that done, it cuts off a leg, or the other antenna, one after another, until its victim, frightfully mutilated but quite alive, is utterly unable to defend itself or even to guide itself; then it sometimes makes an end of it by cutting off its neck or thorax, but generally it drags it off and places it in some lonely spot, where it necessarily perishes. Not once only, but more than a hundred times, I have made this sad observation. A less unpleasant modification of this act takes place when the stronger ant, wishing simply to disengage itself from the other, without doing it harm, carries it as far as possible and leaves it, and hastens to return. (Forel, p. 247.)

M. Forel has recorded a great many kinds of battles; sometimes they take place between ants of different species or between those of different genera, or those of the same species, but of different ant-hills. It is most extraordinary how in this latter case the ants can distinguish between friend and enemy. One day we placed a number of ants (*F. fusca*) with their cocoons in a glass vessel with a number of *Myrmica ruginodis*. The latter attacked *fusca* most vigorously, which ran up the sides of the glass trying to escape; on examining the lot a few days afterwards, we saw several dead neuters, but not a vestige of their cocoons, which had doubtless been devoured by the stronger or more valiant enemy. Space forbids us to do more than give Huber's description of a fight between regular armies, the occupants of two large ant-hills of the same species (*F. rufa*), alike in their extent and population, situated about a hundred paces from each other.

Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonist by their mandibles; a considerable number were engaged in the attack and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that upon their arrival at the camp they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odor exhaled from all sides, numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. Those ants composing

groups and chains took hold of each other's legs and pincers and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles and raised themselves upon their hind legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were frequently so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides and fought a long time in the dust; they shortly after raised themselves, when each began dragging his enemy, but when the force was equal the wrestlers remained immovable and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antenna, made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Some ants joined the latter, and these were, in their turn, seized by new arrivals. It was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchained to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place. On the approach of night each party returned gradually to the city which served it for an asylum. The ants which were either killed or led away captive, not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished until their force were exhausted (p. 189).

Connected with their wars is the very remarkable instinct which leads certain species of ants to capture slaves and appropriate their labors for the duties of their own nests. Pierre Huber was the first to discover this in the case of *Polyergus rufescens*, a species of which, strange to say, is absolutely dependent upon captured neuters of another species for their means of living. The labors of the neuters of *Polyergus* are strictly confined to slave-capturing; they are incapable from long disuse of doing any other work; they cannot make their own nests, nor feed their larvæ. Huber has shown by an experiment how entirely dependent upon other ants are the neuters of this species, both for nourishment and habitation.

I enclosed [he says] thirty of these ants with several pupæ and larvæ of their own species, and twenty pupæ belonging to the negroes (*F. fusca*), in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of earth. I placed a little honey in their corner of the prison and cut off all association with their assailants. At first they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons

(*Polyergus rufescens*) died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons.

The military expeditions for the purpose of capturing slaves of *Polyergus rufescens* have been well described by Huber and Ebrard, if we except a few errors which Forel has corrected. About the middle of the summer on fine days, from two to five hours after noon, is the best time of witnessing an expedition. At first, there is a continual running to and fro on the top of the nest; then, on a given signal, which they give by striking themselves mutually on the forehead, they start off, not all the inhabitants of the ant-hill, however, for a number always remain at home, but only a part of the militia of the state; the forces vary from a hundred to two thousand soldiers; they march in close ranks; those in front of the column wheel about, and turning back strike the foreheads of all those they meet, till they find themselves at the rear of the army; they in turn are followed by those who now march in front, thus the first become last, the first ranks being continually renewed. What can be the meaning of these repeated signals and interchange of movements? Is it that the ants in the first ranks wish to assure themselves that they are followed by the rest; and are these tappings on the forehead intended as mutual encouragements? Notwithstanding the delay caused by these undulatory movements, the march of the army is very rapid, especially in warm weather on level ground where there is no grass, leaves, or other obstacles. Now they halt for rest or consultation, now they form small detachments for exploration; then again form themselves into marching order; when they meet with an ant-hill of the *F. fusca*, they throw themselves upon it, invade the gates and enter the galleries, pillage the nest, running off each one with a cocoon in its mouth, and return home. If the spoil of the conquered city is abundant, they place the cocoons at the entrance of their own galleries in small packets, and return for further pillage.

The besieged ants seldom show much fight, and little blood is shed; for the invading host is composed of stout and

fierce soldiers, and their military organization is complete, while those attacked are small and undisciplined. Sometimes these last will pursue the rear-guard of their enemies, in hopes of recovering a few cocoons, but they seldom succeed; the pillagers do not take the trouble to kill them; they appear to add insult to injury, for they show their teeth, and the others, knowing what that means, run away home.

This interesting slave-making ant is not found in England; we have, however, a British species, the *Formica sanguinea*, which plunders the nests of other ants, carrying off their cocoons and making slaves* of the developed nymphæ. It is said to be plentiful in some localities, but is certainly not common. The worker *major* is three or four lines in length, with a blood-red head and thorax, and a black abdomen; the worker *minor* is more fuscous than red; this ant makes its galleries in banks; the large workers or soldiers are a bold and a furious race; they capture the cocoons of *F. fusca*, *F. cunicularia*, and *F. flava*. It was Huber who first showed that *sanguinea* was a slave-making ant, and his account has been verified by other observers; amongst them, our own illustrious Darwin.

"Although fully trusting," Mr. Darwin says, "to the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a sceptical frame of mind, as any one may well be excused for doubting the truth of so extraordinary and odious an instinct as making slaves." But these slaves, it appears, are not submitted to any cruel bondage. Mr. Darwin examined fourteen nests and found a few slaves of *F. fusca*, "the negroes" as Huber calls them, for they are black and not more than half the size of their red masters; it is only the workers of *F. fusca* that are found in the nests of *sanguinea*, the males and females occurring in their own ant-hills. But how do we know that the slaves are happy and contented in confinement? They will come out of the nest if it has been disturbed, and in common with their masters, fight in defence of their community, and will seize and carry away the exposed larvæ and nymphæ. These nests have been watched by Mr. F. Smith at various times in the months of May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and the slaves though present in large numbers were never seen by him to enter

* We have employed the usual expression of "slave-making" ants; perhaps "kidnapping" is a more appropriate term; it is the baby—and in many cases cradle as well—that is stolen.

or leave the nest. Hence they are strictly household slaves. Mr. Darwin, however, tells us that he once noticed a few slaves mingled with their masters leaving their nest and marching to a tall Scotch fir-tree twenty-five yards distant, probably in search of aphides or cocci. In Switzerland, the negro slaves do not confine their attention to household duties to the same extent as in this country; there the principal part of their labor consists in searching for aphides, in closing the doors of their galleries in the evening, and opening them in the morning; "for in these species, particular care is taken to close every evening all the avenues, by blocking them up with whatever materials they find proper for the purpose."

M. Forel, speaking of *F. fusca*, tells us it is a timid species and the one that is most frequently made to work as a slave. We have already seen that when invaded by *Polyergus rufescens* this little ant was easily subdued. In their battles with *F. sanguinea*, however, Mr. Darwin tells us they sometimes get the best of it.

One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of *F. sanguinea* from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spectacle to behold the masters carefully carrying (instead of being carried by, as in the case of *F. rufescens*), their slaves in their jaws. Another day of attention I was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food; they approached and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave species (*F. fusca*); sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant; but they were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of *F. fusca* from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that after all they had been victorious in the late combat. ("Origin of Species," p. 221, 1st ed.)

There is a small but courageous little yellow ant (*F. flava*), which is occasionally made into a slave. Mr. Darwin placed some cocoons of this species with the slave-making *F. sanguinea*, curious to see whether they could distinguish them from those of *F. fusca*; they were able to distinguish between them, for when they came across the cocoons of the little savage yellow ant, they were "much terrified" and ran away; "but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow

ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ." Mr. Darwin contrasts the instinctive habits of *F. sanguinea* with those of the continental *Polyergus rufescens*. The differences are very remarkable; the latter can neither build, migrate, collect food for its young ones, now even feed itself; hence it is absolutely dependent upon its slaves for everything; without slaves, that species must become extinct. *Formica sanguinea* gives the orders to its slaves, determines when and where a new nest shall be made, and when they migrate the masters carry the slaves; in Switzerland the slaves collect aphides for their masters and go out with them; in this country, the slaves of this latter species generally remain within their masters' house, and the masters get less work out of their slaves than they do in Switzerland.

By what steps the instinct of *F. sanguinea* originated I will not pretend to conjecture. But as ants, which are not slave-makers, will, as I have seen, carry off pupæ of another species, if scattered near their nests, it is possible that such pupæ originally stored as food might become developed, and the foreign ants thus unintentionally reared would then follow their proper instincts and do what work they could. If their presence proved useful to the species which had seized them—if it were more advantageous to the species to capture workers than to procreate them—the habit of collecting pupæ originally for food might by natural selection be strengthened and rendered permanent for the very different purpose of raising slaves. When the instinct was once acquired, if carried out to a much less extent even than in our British *F. sanguinea*, which is less aided by its slaves than the same species in Switzerland, I can see no difficulty in natural selection increasing and modifying the instinct—always supposing each modification to be of use to the species—until an ant was formed as abjectly dependent on its slaves as is the *Formica* (*Polyergus*) *rufescens*. ("Origin of Species," p. 223.)

The relation of ants with the plant-lice or aphides and the gall-flies is one of the most curious points in the history of the ant; and here again it is Huber who first gave us the best and fullest information on this subject; he showed that the aphides are the domestic milking-cows of the ants, and that they are kept by them for this purpose. The aphides "fix themselves upon the leaves and small branches, and insinuate their trunk or sucker between the fibres of the bark, where they find the most substantial nourishment. A portion of this aliment shortly after being taken, is expelled, under the form of small

limpid drops, either by the natural passage or by two horns that we commonly observe in the posterior part of the body. This fluid constitutes the principal support of the ants. . . . They wait the moment the aphides eject this precious manna, upon which the ants immediately seize; but this is the least of their talents, for they know how to obtain it at any time they wish" (p. 210). M. Forel has satisfied himself by direct observation that this sweet fluid proceeds from the natural passage, and not from the two well-known horn-like projections at the lower extremity of the aphids; these latter also secrete a substance, less fluid, however, than the sweet liquid drops. When unattended by ants the aphides by a certain jerk of the body throw out this fluid to a distance, but when ants are present, watching the moment of emission, they suck it quickly down. But ants possess the power of making the aphides yield their sweet drops at their pleasure. Huber shall tell us in his own words how the ant thus milks its cow. He saw an ant at first pass some aphides without stopping or disturbing them.

It shortly after stationed itself near one of the smallest and appeared to caress it, by touching the extremity of the body alternately with its antennæ, with an extremely rapid movement. I saw with much surprise the fluid proceed from the body of the aphid, and the ant take it in his mouth. Its antennæ were afterwards directed to a much larger aphid than the first, which, on being caressed after the same manner, discharged the nourishing fluid in greater quantity, which the ant immediately swallowed; it then passed to a third, which it caressed like the preceding, by giving it several gentle blows with the antennæ on the posterior extremity of the body; the liquid was ejected at the same moment, and the ant lapped it up. It then proceeded to a fourth; this, probably already exhausted, resisted its action. The ant, who in all probability knew it had nothing to hope for by remaining there, quitted it for a fifth, from whom it obtained its expected supply. It now returned perfectly contented to its nest (p. 213).

It appears that this tapping with the antennæ is a constant preliminary to the emission of the fluid, and that the aphid voluntarily submits to the operation, giving greater facility for the ant's taps by lowering the head. Should the aphides remain long unmilked by the ants, they deposit their fluid upon the leaves, where the ants find it on their return; the aphides never resist the solicitation of the ants when in a state to satisfy them. This curious alliance, as Forel remarks, between

the ants and the aphides consists of an exchange of good services, for the ants protect their cattle against numerous enemies, such as the larvæ of the ladybird beetles (*Coccinellæ*), and of some of the *Diptera* as the *Syrphus*. Some kinds of ants are in the habit of transporting their cows from one place to another. The greatest cow-keeper of all, perhaps, is the yellow ant (*Lasius flavus*). This ant is more decidedly a stay-at-home species, and likes to have all its conveniences within reach; it never goes far from its abode, and does not search the trees for aphides or any kind of food; it is a small yellow ant, the neuter being scarcely two lines in length, and is abundant anywhere, raising its little mounds which carry off the rain from its dwelling, in orchards, meadows, or heaths. Huber tells us that these yellow ants are extremely jealous of the aphides, often taking them in their mouths and carrying them to the bottom of the nest, or bringing them to the top. We cannot wonder at this when we learn that this aphid secretion is the little ant's only source of food. Huber placed some of these yellow ants in a glazed box with their aphides upon some soil; he also placed with them some growing plants, which he watered occasionally, so that there was no lack of food.

The ants made no attempt to escape; they appeared to have nothing to desire; they took care of their larvæ and females with the same affection as in their own nests; they paid great attention to the aphides and never injured them; the latter did not seem to labor under the slightest fear; they allowed themselves to be carried from place to place, and rested in the spot chosen by their guardians. When the ants wished to displace them, they began caressing them with their antennæ, hoping thereby to induce them to abandon the roots or to withdraw their proboscis from the cavity in which it was inserted; they afterwards took them up gently in their mandibles, and carried them with the same care as the larvæ of their own species (p. 225).

But it is not only the aphid itself, whether young or adult, that the yellow ant takes care to introduce within its nest; the eggs of the aphid are eagerly sought for and brought home. We call the little oval-shaped bodies which may be found adhering to various plants in the autumn "eggs" for convenience' sake, but really they are not eggs at all in the true sense of the word. It is well known that the aphides produce young ones without the intervention of the male sex — this was shown by Bonnet in 1745, and has been repeatedly

verified; that for many months these young aphides are all females, they in their turn being virgin mothers capable of reproduction; these are produced alive and undergo no metamorphosis. In the late autumn or early winter, however, innumerable quantities of small, often black oval, bodies are produced; so that it would seem that we have a combination of viviparous generation at one season, and of oviparous generation at another, in the same insect. But this is a mistake: the so-called egg is a nymphal form of aphid, which differs in no respect from the ordinary nymph whilst yet within the body of the parent, excepting that it is enveloped in a covering. Gould noticed these little black bodies in ants' nests, but wrongly thought them to be ants' eggs which would produce females; there is not the slightest doubt, however, as to their true nature. Huber calls them "eggs," but it is evident that this most accurate observer held the opinion — first, we believe, expressed by Bonnet — that they are young enclosed in a covering or cocoon. This covering "is nothing more than an asylum, of which the aphides born at another season have no need; it is on this account some are produced naked, others enveloped in a covering. The mothers are not then truly oviparous, since their young are almost as perfect as they ever will be, in the asylum in which nature has placed them at their birth" (p. 246). We have over and over again satisfied ourselves that this is the true nature of the so-called aphid eggs. If these eggs are collected in the late winter and brought into the house, they will after a time shrivel up, thus showing that the contained aphid is dead. Bonnet vainly attempted to preserve these bodies alive in his room till the following spring; he considered that they died from want of proper moisture. We know that in the natural state when adhering to various plants out of doors, these aphid-cocoons, at the return of spring, burst their membranes and countless thousands of the insects are produced. That Bonnet was correct is curiously enough shown by the behavior of the yellow ant towards these captured aphid-cocoons. Huber again shall tell us the story. Speaking of this species of ant (*Lasius flavus*), the *fourni jaune* of our author, he writes:—

On opening the ant-hill I discovered several chambers, containing a great number of brown eggs; the ants were extremely jealous of them, carrying them away, and quickly too, to the bottom of the nest; disputing and contending

for them with a zeal that left me no doubt of the strong attachment with which they regard them. Desirous of conciliating their interests as well as my own, I took the ants and their treasure, and placed them in such a manner that I might easily observe them. These eggs were never abandoned (p. 244).

So much for the jealous care with which these aphid-cocoons meet with from the ants. In a former passage (p. 232) Huber says that the ants approach the eggs,

slightly separating their pincers, passed their tongue between them, extended them, then walked alternately over them, depositing, I believe, a liquid substance as they proceeded. They appeared to treat them exactly as if they were eggs of their own species. It appears, then, that ants know everything that is necessary to the preservation of these eggs; they pass their tongue constantly over them, and invest them with a glutinous matter which retains them together. They, in consequence, are preserved until the period when the aphides quit them; they employ, then, the same means to preserve their cows, if I may use this expression, that M. Bonnet supposed would preserve these eggs, and secure their disclosure in the spring (p. 246).

If, therefore, we may regard the aphid as the *cow* of the ant, we may, perhaps, be justified in considering its cocoon as the *calf*.

There can, we think, be no doubt that the curious relationship existing between ants and aphides is the result of mutual service. The aphid yields its sweet secretion voluntarily for the benefit of the ant; the ant confers a benefit on the aphid by removing from it the viscid secretion. This latter supposition is rendered probable by the fact that if the ants do not come to relieve them, the aphides deposit their juices upon the leaves of trees or elsewhere; and this is conformable to Mr. Darwin's belief, "that the instinct of each species is good for itself, but has never, so far as we can judge, been produced for the exclusive good of others." Certain gall-insects, as well as the aphides, supply some ants with a similar secretion, as has been witnessed by Huber, Forel, M. Delapino, and others. Huber compares the movement of the antennæ, in this case, to the play of the fingers upon the keys of a pianoforte.

Aphides and gall-insects, in Europe at least, are the great food-providers for ants, but M. Forel says that the differences in this respect are enormous according to the species of ant.

Leptothorax is never seen to carry the aphides; it is the same with *Pheidole*, *Ta-*

pinoma, *Hypoclinea*, and *A. structor*, as I think these ants have other means of subsistence; some are more carnivorous than others, as *Phacidole*, *Tapinoma*, *Tetramonium*; others directly lick the juices of flowers and of trees (*Leptothorax*, *Colobopsis*); others, again, store up grains, which they cause to germinate in part so as to supply them with sugar (*A. structor*). Some kinds feed exclusively on aphides (*L. flavus*, *L. brunneus*), or nearly exclusively (*L. niger*, *Camponotus*). Others know how to vary their means of subsistence, to lick flowers, to kill insects, to rear aphides; such are all the species of the genus *Formica*. The genus *Lasius* exhibits great variety in this point of view. The species *flavus* and *umbratus* rear only the aphides of roots [*aphis radicum*?]. *L. fuliginosus* only pays attention to the aphides of the bark of trees; *L. niger* and *alienus* those of bark and the outer part of plants. They also know how to transport these latter from one place to another. In fine, *L. emarginatus* only takes a few of the aphides, and only those found on the surface of plants. (Forel, p. 421.)

M. Forel, like Huber, has never seen an ant kill or injure an aphid. M. Duveau, on the contrary, has seen an ant in the act of tearing and devouring an aphid; but such conduct on the part of an ant is probably quite exceptional.

Leaving the subject of ants and their milking-cows, we need do little more than refer to that of various other insects being often found in ants' nests. We learn from Dr. T. A. Power (Smith's "Catalogue of British Formicidæ," p. 223), who has collected these ants' nest insects for several years, that in the nest of *Formica rufa* he has found no less than sixteen beetles and the larvæ of three other kinds; five are enumerated as occurring in the nest of *F. fusca*, fourteen in that of *F. fuliginosa*, two in the nest of *F. flava*, one in that of *F. sanguinea*, one in that of *Myrmica rubra*, and that one species occurs in the nests of all the ants. From the habit of these various beetles being found in ants' nests the name of *myrmecophilous* beetles has been given to them. There is some difference of opinion as to the cause of the presence of these beetles in the abodes of ants. Is there in this case also, as in the aphides and gall-insects, a mutual interchange of benefit conferred, or is their presence merely accidental? We do not know. Forel is of the latter opinion, considering that the beetles are as parasites in the nests; other observers, as Lespès and Müller, consider that some of the beetles, as *Claviger* and *Lomechusa*, are nourished by the ants, which disgorge honied sweets for them; that in return for this

act of kindness the ants lick the wing-cases of *Claviger* and the abdomen of *Lomechusa* (?). M. Forel seems evidently sceptical as to this explanation. We have often found various beetles in the nests of ants, but are quite unable to throw any light as to the cause of their presence there, which we are inclined to think is more accidental than designed. We, therefore, pass over this question, and approach another, which has long been one more or less disputed in the natural history of ants. Do ants lay up in the summer food for winter's consumption? At one time the answer was unhesitatingly given in the affirmative as true of all ants, or, at least, of the family in general; now it has been as strongly denied of any kind of ants; now, again, whilst the general negative is allowed to be the case, it has been affirmed to be partially correct. What the opinion of the Jews of Palestine was one cannot definitely say; the oft-quoted passage in the Bible, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest" (Prov. vi. 6-8; see also xxx. 25), has been generally supposed to imply that the Jews held that the ant lays up store of food in summer or autumn for winter's consumption, but the words do not really prove anything of the kind. Kirby and Spence have well said of these words:—

If they are properly considered it will be found that the interpretation which seems to favor the ancient error respecting ants, has been fathered upon them, rather than fairly deduced from them. He does not affirm that the ant, which he proposes to the sluggard as an example, laid up in her magazine stores of grain against winter, but that with considerable prudence and foresight she makes use of proper seasons to collect a supply of provisions for her purposes. There is not a word in them implying that she stores up grain or other provisions. She prepares her bread and gathers her food, namely, such food as is suited to her, in summer and harvest, that is when it is most plentiful; and thus shows her wisdom and prudence by using the advantages offered to her. (Introduct. to Entom., vol. ii. p. 47.)

The author of the passage in the Proverbs is speaking against idleness—against "the sluggard," who "sleepeth in harvest and causeth shame" (x. 5); that is, who neglects proper and seasonable times, and sleeps when he ought to be working. "Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine eyelids" (vi. 4). "The sluggard will not plow; . . . there-

fore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing" (xx. 4). He aptly refers for a lesson in diligence to one of the most active and busy of all creatures, the little ant, which always avails herself of favorable opportunities—which does not sleep in harvest, but gathers food at the right time. The text in the original Hnbrew implies no storing properties for winter use; the word *tâkin*, means simply "she establisheth, or collecteth;" and *âggrâh* "she scrapeth together, or provideth." The Hebrew verbs are synonymous; and the sentences "she provideth her meat in the summer," "she gathereth her food in the harvest," are simply an instance of a common Hebrew parallelism. No doubt the writers in the Old and New Testaments shared the opinions current in their time, and sometimes, especially in physical matters and those relating to natural history, those opinions were erroneous; but this is no case in point.* But though there is nothing to show that the Jews believed that the ant stored up food for winter's use, it is certain that the belief was prevalent amongst ancient Greek and Roman writers, amongst Jewish rabbis and Arabian writers on natural history. Modern authors as Prior, Milton, Addison, Dr. Watts, Dr. Johnson, all refer to the provident habits of the ant in storing up food for future use; and it is quite clear that such a habit was considered a usual one amongst ants in general, and not one as occasionally occurring in a few species. Latreille, Kirby and Spence, Huber, Frederick Smith, and others, emphatically deny such a habit to the species found in Europe. The late Colonel Sykes, indeed, speaks of a species of Indian ant (*Atta providens*), and Dr. Jerdon of three species that harvest seeds on a large scale, collecting grain and stealing seeds, which they put away in their granaries. There can be no doubt of the fact; the question is what is the motive? The most recent English writer who has studied this debated subject, and has himself examined many ants' nests in the south of Europe, is the late Mr. J. Traherne Moggridge, F.L.S., whose very interesting work is before us as we write. Now Mr. Moggridge mentions four *bonâ fide*

harvesting ants of the Riviera—namely, *Atta barbara*, two varieties; *A. structor*, an ant very similar to *barbara*, and a minute yellow ant, the large workers of which have gigantic heads, named *Pheidole* (or *Atta*) *micagephala*. In the nests of all these ants were found masses of seeds of various plants "carefully stored in chambers." The plants of which the seeds have been found in ants' nests by Mr. Moggridge belonged to eighteen distinct families; seeds of furmity, medick, mallow, wild lentil, spiny broom, amaranth, pellitory, wild sarsaparilla, spirally twisted links of crane's bill, capsules of chickweed, shepherds' purse, orange pips, haricot beans, wheat, oats, etc. etc., are enumerated with those of other plants. Are these substances intended for food or not? if not, for what are they intended? Of course, a preliminary question suggests itself: what is the structure of an ant's mouth, and is it capable of gnawing hard substances such as grains of wheat? An ant's mouth consists of a pair of pincer-like mandibles, jaws, maxillary palpi or feelers, a labial palpi, and a tongue, upper and lower lips. Let us hear what the highest authority on the natural history of the ant, M. Forel, says on this point.

Ants are for the most part omnivorous; that is certain, but they are unable to chew. Their mandibles never serve them for eating purposes; this fact, demonstrated by Huber, is perfectly certain; the most assiduous observation has confirmed it. The disproportion, moreover, between them (the mandibles) and the jaws would at once render this evident; they always keep fixed and immovable whilst the ant is eating. Ordinarily the mouth is closed by the upper lip, which falls upon it below and behind, completely covering the fore part of the jaws and of the lower lip. When an ant wishes to eat it makes a very complex movement of the pharynx, which thrusts forward the tongue and all the surrounding parts, whilst raising the upper lip like a lid. But the jaws are much too short, too weak, too membranous to grind any solid substance whatever; they can only take into their mouth, by a backward and forward movement, a liquid, or at the most a pappy substance. Observation shows that it is the tongue especially which subserves the ants when they eat; they employ it precisely like dogs when they lap or lick the bottom of a plate; I made this comparison before I knew that it had already been made by Lespès, and I could not express myself more clearly. When the ants have to deal with a solid body which contains liquid, as an insect, for example, they first of all tear it with their mandibles and afterwards lap its contents. These facts have already been known to and well de-

* The writer of the notes on the Book of Proverbs in the "Speaker's Commentary" (vol. iv.), Professor Plumptre, on this passage rightly says: "The point of comparison is not so much the foresight of the insect as its unwearied activity during the appointed season, rebuking man's inaction at the special crisis;" but we do not agree with the commentator, that in xxx. 25 "the storing provident habit of the ant is brought under our notice." The Hebrew verb here translated "prepare" in our version is the same that occurs in the other passage.

scribed by Huber, and subsequently confirmed by Lespès; but Léon Dafour thinks that ants are capable of chewing, and D'Esterne accuses them of devouring. I cannot insist too much upon this point, for it is incredible to see how many people persist in remaining in error on this subject (p. 108-109).

Mr. Moggridge made some experiments in feeding ants. He cut out from the centre of a grain of millet, which had begun to sprout, a minute ball of flour; the ants (*Atta structor*) immediately seized it and set to work upon it; a similar ball from a grain which had sprouted, was also partially eaten, but the hard dry flour taken from a grain in its natural state not moistened, "was at once rejected and thrown on the rubbish heap." He tells us that the fat oily seeds of the hemp were eagerly taken, though not softened by water, their peculiar structure allowing the ants to scrape off particles, as in the case of the ball of flour of the sprouted millet. Now all this confirms the assertions of Huber, Lespès, and Forel; ants cannot chew, but they can lap and cause to disappear food already reduced to a kind of pulp; so that it would seem that ants do occasionally convey into their nests seeds, which, when they begin to sprout, assume in parts a pulpy consistency, and are available for food; but this does not prove that the introduction of seeds into the nests has always for a motive, on the part of the ant, a desire to feed upon them, for Forel assures us with regard to this very species *Atta (aphanogaster) structor*, that not only are grains of corn found in its nest, but also little round stones, and small shells of molluscs, which no one will ever suppose the ant could use as food. And here, again, a remarkable fact presents itself. Mr. Moggridge tells us that it is "extremely rare to find other than round and intact seeds in the granaries," and he concludes that the ants exercise some mysterious power over them which checks the tendency to germinate. This retardation of the germinating process, if really a fact, is most extraordinary. The ants cannot use the grains as food before germination; their motive, therefore, must rest in the fact that they are not yet ready for them, having sufficient meat already in the larder ready for consumption; or, as Mr. Moggridge says, if simultaneous germination took place in all the seeds in the granaries after the lapse of a fixed interval, "the provisions would have to be consumed at stated periods and to be frequently renewed; but this is not the case." "These

granaries are placed from an inch and a half to six inches below the surface, and are all horizontal; they are of various sizes and shapes, the average granary being about as large as a gentleman's gold watch." ("Harvesting Ants," p. 23.) These storing ants, Mr. Moggridge tells us, never look at the aphides and cocci so eagerly sought after by other kinds of ants; so we suppose their food consists only of germinating seed of various kinds. The name of "the provident one," Mr. Moggridge allows, is only fully deserved by a limited number of ants; but why some ants should require food for winter's use, whilst others should lie dormant and require no food at all, at present must remain a problem yet to be solved. The evidence which Mr. Moggridge brings forward satisfactorily establishes the fact that ants do occasionally store up vegetable food; but it shows also that such habits are by no means prevalent amongst the whole family, but that, on the contrary, they are rare and exceptional.

On the interesting question as to mutual social affection, and the extraordinary powers of communication with which ants have long been credited by careful observers, we must now go to Sir John Lubbock, who has with much labor and assiduous application carried out some very original observations, not only amongst the ants, but also amongst wasps and bees. Of the power to communicate and receive information possessed by ants, Huber tells us that he has "frequently seen the antennæ used on the field of battle to intimate approaching danger, and to ascertain their own party when mingled with the enemy; they are also employed in the exterior of the ant-hill to warn their companions of the presence of the sun, so favorable to the development of the larva; in their excursions and emigrations to indicate their route; in their recruitings to determine the time of their departure" (p. 206). Other entomologists, besides Huber, state that the social *Hymenoptera* can communicate their ideas, and that this communication takes place by means of their antennæ. Sir John Lubbock, commenting upon the above quotation from Huber, whilst allowing the statements to be most interesting, regrets that Huber has not given in detail the evidence on which those statements rest, and that he nowhere gives experiments he had himself conducted.

As regards the affection of ants and their behavior to wounded comrades, instances of which are detailed by Huber,

Latreille, M. de Saint Fargeau and others ; as that an ant never meets with a wounded comrade without taking her up and placing her in the nest; or that, the antennæ of an ant having been cut off, a companion, "pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from its mouth," Sir John's experiences have been of the opposite character, and he states that he has often been "surprised that in certain cases, ants render one another so little assistance." Ants may not unfrequently be seen with the heads of others hanging on to their legs for a considerable time, "and as this must certainly be very inconvenient, it seems remarkable that their friends should not relieve them of such an awkward encumbrance." Having tried various experiments by immersing ants in water, in order to test the tenderness attributed to those insects, Sir John records in nearly all cases, "none took any notice;" still he admits that individual differences may exist—for in two cases an immersed ant was picked up and rescued and taken to the nest—and humorously remarks that there may be "priests and Levites and good Samaritans among them as among men."

Our own experiments on this point—though they have been limited compared with those Sir John Lubbock has conducted—have convinced us that this compassion for either wounded or drowning companions has been considerably overestimated; we have often immersed ants in water, and never observed that their companions take the slightest notice of them.

On the question as to ants being able to recognize friends after a separation of some months, Sir John's experiments bear out Huber's observations so far as this, that the friends are not killed while strangers are. After separating some ants for a period of four months, Huber brought them together again, when they immediately recognized one another and "fell to mutual caresses with their antennæ." In Sir John's observations, a friend when restored to her old companions was generally left unattacked, but "there were no signs of welcome, no greeting around a returned friend;" a stranger, on the contrary, was, as a rule, at once seized upon and sometimes killed, though occasionally, after due punishment, forgiven and received as a friend into the community.

As to those delicate, and doubtless important organs, the antennæ of insects,

while all entomologists regard them as organs of touch, there is considerable difference of opinion as to what other special function they may have. Some regard them as olfactory, others as auditory organs. Sir John suggests that in those insects in which the sense of hearing is highly developed, the antennæ may serve as ears, while in those which have a very delicate sense of smell, they may act as olfactory organs. The same instrument may serve for different purposes; the different senses according to some physiologists being only a modification of a similar organic instrument adapted to different purposes. From their position on the head and the constant use made of them, the antennæ are, no doubt, important organs of sense, and Sir John Lubbock considers—and we think he has proved his case—that they are organs of smell. To all sounds, whether loud inharmonious noises or sounds produced by a complete set of tuning-forks, ants would seem to be almost as deaf as posts; "they never took the slightest notice of any of these sounds:" but Sir John cautiously and justly adds that the insects possibly if not probably may be deaf to sounds which we hear, and yet hear others to which we are deaf. The question as to the faculty of hearing possessed by insects is one of the most curious and puzzling subjects connected with their history. Sir John has secured the promise of the valuable assistance of Mr. Spottiswoode, with whom he hopes to make further experiments on this subject.

To experiments with various agents, as essence of cloves, lavender-water, peppermint-water, and other strong scents, to which the ants were subjected, the insects were acutely responsive; one of the antennæ was touched with a feather dipped in essence of musk; it was slowly retracted and drawn quite back; the other antenna was touched—"the ant started away, apparently smarting;" but when the antennæ were softly touched with an unperfumed feather they did not move at all. "No one," he adds, "who watched the behavior of ants under these circumstances could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell." We have not space to follow Sir John further in his interesting experiments, which certainly must, to some extent, modify our conception of certain high qualities which have been attributed to ants in general. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind the existence amongst ants of individual variations of habits and character, even in

the case of the same species; and to take care, in making experiments, to generalize with hesitation and great caution. Nor can we follow M. Forel further in his admirable monograph of the ants of his own native country; we must pass over altogether his chapters on their anatomy and physiology, on the geographical distribution of the ants of Switzerland, and many curious habits of particular species. There is one point, however, which has a general interest, namely the stinging and biting properties of ants. We will give M. Forel's remarks on the subject:—

All the world [he says] fears the sting of ants, and yet of the sixty-six kinds occurring in Switzerland there are not more than four or five which are really capable of piercing our skin with their sting, and of causing us a little local inflammation, which betrays itself by an itching or by a pain more or less acute, as well as by a slight redness, with or without swelling. These kinds are as follows:—(1) *Myrmica rubida*; the sting of this ant is truly very painful; the pain which it produces is, in my opinion, at least very great, and much more acute than that of the sting of the common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*, or *V. germanica*). But *M. rubida* is not very common, and its nests are in open places, where they are seen at once, so that one is not often molested. (2) *M. lavinodis* and *ruginodis*. These kinds, known by the name of the red ant (*fourmi rouge, rousset, roussetet*, etc.), are the only one from which the public often suffer. When one has taken one's seat in woods, upon moss, or upon the trunk of a tree, by the side of brooks and rivers, it is rare that one does not come in contact with them; they quickly invade the clothes, and one feels presently in various parts, as it were, so many pricks of sharp pins. The pain is much less severe than that produced by *M. rubida*, and it generally disappears at the end of a few minutes. (3) The species *M. scabrinodis* and *lobicornis* seldom sting, for their disposition is not so aggressive as that of the preceding ones, and their sting is weaker. (4) The *Tetramorium caespitum* bites with fury, but its bite is too short to pierce the skin, unless it be very thin (as that of infants and of the face). In this latter case it gives rise to a slight pain, or else, and this is generally so, to a simple itching. The other *Myrmicidæ* and the *Poneridæ* of Switzerland are incapable of stinging us, their sting being too weak or too short. Amongst the ants of the genus *Leptothorax* want of courage is the principal cause.

We conclude by expressing a wish that the perusal of this article may induce some of its readers to take up the study of the history of ants, with a view to verify or to correct the wonderful things attributed to them.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CHASTISEMENT.

WHEN she went to her room, there was Caley taking from a portmanteau the Highland dress which had occasioned so much. A note fell, and she handed it to her mistress. Florimel opened it, grew pale as she read it, and asked Caley to bring her a glass of water. No sooner had her maid left the room than she sprang to the door and bolted it. Then the tears burst from her eyes, she sobbed despairingly, and but for the help of her handkerchief would have wailed aloud. When Caley returned she answered to her knock that she was lying down and wanted to sleep. She was, however, trying to force further communication from the note. In it the painter told her that he was going to set out the next morning for Italy, and that her portrait was at the shop of certain carvers and gilders, being fitted with a frame for which he had made drawings. Three times she read it, searching for some hidden message to her heart: she held it up between her hand and the light, then before the fire till it crackled like a bit of old parchment; but all was in vain: by no device, intellectual or physical, could she coax the shadow of a meaning out of it beyond what lay plain on the surface. She must, she *would* see him again.

That night she was merrier than usual at dinner; after it sang ballad upon ballad to please Liftore; then went to her room and told Caley to arrange for yet a visit the next morning to Mr. Lenorme's studio. She positively must, she said, secure her father's portrait ere the ill-tempered painter—all men of genius were hasty and unreasonable—should have destroyed it utterly, as he was certain to do before leaving; and with that she showed her Lenorme's letter. Caley was all service, only said that this time she thought they had better go openly. She would see Lady Bellair as soon as Lady Lossie was in bed and explain the thing to her.

The next morning, therefore, the two drove to Chelsea in the carriage. When the door opened Florimel walked straight up to the study. There she saw no one, and her heart, which had been fluttering strangely, sank and was painfully still, while her gaze went wandering about the room. It fell upon the pictured temple of Isis: a thick dark veil had fallen and

shrouded the whole figure of the goddess, leaving only the outline: and the form of the worshipping youth had vanished utterly: where he had stood, the tessellated pavement, with the serpent of life twining through it, and the sculptured walls of the temple, shone out clear and bare, as if Hyacinth had walked out into the desert to return no more. Again the tears gushed from the heart of Florimel: she had sinned against her own fame — had blotted out a fair memorial record that might have outlasted the knight of stone under the Norman canopy in Lossie church. Again she sobbed, again she choked down a cry that had else become a scream.

Arms were around her. Never doubting whose the embrace, she leaned her head against his bosom, stayed her sobs with the one word "*Cruel!*" and slowly opening her tearful eyes, lifted them to the face that bent over hers. It was Liftore's. She was dumb with disappointment and dismay. It was a hateful moment. He kissed her forehead and eyes, and sought her mouth. She shrieked aloud. In her very agony at the loss of one to be kissed by another! and there! It was too degrading! too horrid!

At the sound of her cry some one started up at the other end of the room. An easel with a large canvas on it fell, and a man came forward with great strides. Liftore let her go, with a muttered curse on the intruder, and she darted from the room into the arms of Caley, who had had her ear against the other side of the door. The same instant Malcolm received from his lordship a well-planted blow between the eyes, which filled them with flashes and darkness. The next the earl was on the floor. The ancient fury of the Celt had burst up into the nineteenth century and mastered a noble spirit. All Malcolm could afterward remember was, that he came to himself dealing Liftore merciless blows, his foot on his back and his weapon the earl's whip. His lordship, struggling to rise, turned up a face white with hate and impotent fury. "You damned flunkie!" he panted. "I'll have you shot like a mangy dog."

"Meantime I will chastise you like an insolent nobleman," said Malcolm, who had already almost recovered his self-possession. "You dare to touch my mistress!" And with the words he gave him one more stinging cut with the whip.

"Stand off, and let it be man to man!" cried Liftore, with a fierce oath, clenching his teeth in agony and rage.

"That it cannot be, my lord; but I have

had enough, and so I hope has your lordship," said Malcolm; and as he spoke he threw the whip to the other end of the room and stood back. Liftore sprang to his feet and rushed at him. Malcolm caught him by the wrist with a fisherman's grasp. "My lord, I don't want to kill you. Take a warning, and let ill be, for fear of worse," he said, and threw his hand from him with a swing that nearly dislocated his shoulder.

The warning sufficed. His lordship cast him one scowl of concentrated hate and revenge, and leaving the room hurried also from the house.

At the usual morning hour Malcolm had ridden to Chelsea, hoping to find his friend in a less despairing and more companionable mood than when he left him. To his surprise and disappointment, he learned that Lenorme had sailed by the packet for Ostend the night before. He asked leave to go into the study. There on its easel stood the portrait of his father as he had last seen it — disfigured with a great smear of brown paint across the face. He knew that the face was dry, and he saw that the smear was wet: he would see whether he could not, with turpentine and a soft brush, remove the insult. In this endeavor he was so absorbed, and by the picture itself was so divided from the rest of the room, that he neither saw nor heard anything until Florimel cried out.

Naturally, those events made him yet more dissatisfied with his sister's position. Evil influences and dangers were on all sides of her, the worst possible outcome being that, loving one man, she should marry another, and him such a man as Liftore! Whatever he heard in the servants' hall, both tone and substance, only confirmed the unfavorable impression he had had from the first of the bold-faced countess. The oldest of her servants had, he found, the least respect for their mistress, although all had a certain liking for her, which gave their disrespect the heavier import. He *must* get Florimel away somehow. While all was right between her and the painter he had been less anxious about her immediate surroundings, trusting that Lenorme would ere long deliver her. But now she had driven him from the very country, and he had left no clew to follow him up by. His housekeeper could tell nothing of his purposes. The gardener and she were left in charge as a matter of course. He might be back in a week or a year: she could not even conjecture.

Seeming possibilities, in varied mingling

with rank absurdities, kept passing through Malcolm's mind as, after Liftore's punishment, he lifted the portrait, set it again upon its easel and went on trying to clean the face of it—with no small promise of success. But as he made progress he grew anxious lest, with the defilement, he should remove some of the color as well: the painter alone, he concluded at length, could be trusted to restore the work he had ruined.

He left the house, walked across the road to the river-bank and gave a short sharp whistle. In an instant Davy was in the dinghy, pulling for the shore. Malcolm went on board the yacht, saw that all was right, gave some orders, went ashore again and mounted Kelpie.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIES.

IN pain, wrath, and mortification Liftore rode home. What would the men at his club say if they knew that he had been thrashed by a scoundrel of a groom for kissing his mistress? The fact would soon be out: he must do his best to have it taken for what it ought to be—namely, fiction. It was the harder upon him that he knew himself no coward. He must punish the rascal somehow—he owed it to society to punish him—but at present he did not see how, and the first thing was to have the first word with Florimel: he must see her before she saw the ruffian. He rode as hard as he dared to Curzon Street, sent his groom to the stables, telling him he should want the horses again before lunch, had a hot bath, of which he stood in dire need, and some brandy with his breakfast, and then, all unfit for exercise as he was, walked to Portland Place.

Mistress and maid rode home together in silence. The moment Florimel heard Malcolm's voice she had left the house. Caley, following, had heard enough to know that there was a scuffle at least going on in the study, and her eye witnessed against her heart that Liftore could have no chance with the detested groom if the respect of the latter gave way; would MacPhail thrash his lordship? If he did, it would be well she should know it. In the hoped event of his lordship's marrying her mistress, it was desirable not only that she should be in favor with both of them, but that she should have some hold upon each of a more certainly enduring nature: if she held secrets with husband and wife separately, she would be in clover for the period of her natural existence.

As to Florimel, she was enraged at the liberties Liftore had taken with her. But, alas! was she not in some degree in his power? He had found her there, and in tears! How did he come to be there? If Malcolm's judgment of her was correct, Caley might have told him. Was she already false? She pondered within herself, and cast no look upon her maid until she had concluded how best to carry herself toward the earl. Then glancing at the hooded cobra beside her, "What an awkward thing that Lord Liftore, of all moments, should appear just then!" she said. "How could it be?"

"I am sure I haven't an idea, my lady," returned Caley. "My lord has always been kind to Mr. Lenorme, and I suppose he had been in the way of going to see him at work. Who would have thought my lord was such an early riser? There are not many gentlemen like him nowadays, my lady. Did your ladyship hear the noise in the studio after you left it?"

"I heard high words," answered her mistress—"nothing more. How on earth did MacPhail come to be there as well? From you, Caley, I will not conceal that his lordship behaved indiscreetly; in fact, he was rude; and I can quite imagine that MacPhail thought it his duty to defend me. It is all very awkward for me. Who could have imagined *him* there, and sitting behind amongst the pictures! It almost makes me doubt whether Mr. Lenorme be really gone."

"It seems to me, my lady," returned Caley, "that the man is always just where he ought not to be, always meddling with something he has no business with. I beg your pardon, my lady," she went on, "but wouldn't it be better to get some staid elderly man for a groom—one who has been properly bred up to his duties and taught his manners in a gentleman's stable? It is so odd to have a groom from a rough seafaring set—one who behaves like the rude fisherman he is, never having had to obey orders of lord or lady! The worst of it is, your ladyship will soon be the town's talk if you have such a groom on such a horse after you everywhere."

Florimel's face flushed. Caley saw she was angry, and held her peace.

Breakfast was hardly over when Liftore walked in, looking pale, and, in spite of his faultless *get-up*, somewhat disreputable; for shame, secret pain, and anger do not favor a good carriage or honest mien. Florimel threw herself back in her chair—an action characteristic of the bold-

faced countess—and held out her left hand to him in an expansive, benevolent sort of way. “How dare you come into my presence looking so well pleased with yourself, my lord, after giving me such a fright this morning?” she said. “You might at least have made sure that there was—that we were——” She could not bring herself to complete the sentence.

“My dearest girl,” said his lordship, not only delighted to get off so pleasantly, but profoundly flattered by the implied understanding, “I found you in tears, and how could I think of anything else? It may have been stupid, but I trust you will think it pardonable.”

Caley had not fully betrayed her mistress to his lordship, and he had, entirely to his own satisfaction, explained the liking of Florimel for the society of the painter as the mere fancy of a girl for the admiration of one whose employment, although nothing above the servile, yet gave him a claim something beyond that of a milliner or hairdresser to be considered a judge in matters of appearance. As to anything more in the affair—and with *him* in the field—of such a notion he was simply incapable: he could not have wronged the lady he meant to honor with his hand by regarding it as within the bounds of the possible.

“It was no wonder I was crying,” said Florimel. “A seraph would have cried to see the state my father’s portrait was in.”

“Your father’s portrait?”

“Yes. Did not you know? Mr. Lenorme has been painting one from a miniature I lent him—under my supervision of course; and just because I let fall a word that showed I was not altogether satisfied with the likeness, what should the wretched man do but catch up a brush full of filthy black paint, and smudge the face all over!”

“Oh, Lenorme will soon set it to rights again. He’s not a bad fellow, though he does belong to the *genus irritabile*. I will go about it this very day.”

“You’ll not find him, I’m sorry to say. There’s a note I had from him yesterday. And the picture’s quite unfit to be seen—utterly ruined. But I *can’t* think how you could miss seeing it.”

“To tell the truth, Florimel, I had a bit of a scrimmage after you left me in the studio.” Here his lordship did his best to imitate a laugh. “Who should come rushing upon me out of the back regions of paint and canvas but that mad groom

of yours! I don’t suppose you knew he was there?”

“Not I. I saw a man’s feet: that was all.”

“Well, there he was, for what reason the devil knows, perdu amongst the painter’s litter; and when he heard your little startled cry—most musical, most melancholy—what should he fancy but that you were frightened, and he must rush to the rescue! And so he did with a vengeance: I don’t know when I shall quite forget the blow he gave me.” And again Liflore laughed, or thought he did.

“He struck you!” exclaimed Florimel, rather astonished, but hardly able for inward satisfaction to put enough of indignation into her tone.

“He did, the fellow! But don’t say a word about it, for I thrashed him so unmercifully that, to tell the truth, I had to stop because I grew sorry for him; I am sorry now. So I hope you will take no notice of it. In fact, I begin to like the rascal; you know I was never favorably impressed with him. By Jove! it is not every mistress that can have such a devoted attendant. I only hope his overzeal in your service may never get you into some compromising position. He is hardly, with all his virtues, the proper servant for a young lady to have about her; he has had no training—no *proper* training at all—you see. But you must let the villain nurse himself for a day or two anyhow. It would be torture to make him ride after what I gave him.”

His lordship spoke feelingly, with heroic endurance indeed; and if Malcolm should dare give *his* account of the fracas, he trusted to the word of a gentleman to outweigh that of a groom.

Not all to whom it may seem incredible that a nobleman should thus lie are themselves incapable of doing likewise. Any man may put himself in training for a liar by doing things he would be ashamed to have known. The art is easily learned, and to practise it well is a great advantage to people with *designs*. Men of ability, indeed, if they take care not to try hard to speak the truth, will soon become able to lie as truthfully as any sneak that sells grease for butter to the poverty of the New Cut.

It is worth remarking to him who can, from the lie actual, carry his thought deeper to the lie essential, that all the power of a lie comes from the truth: it has none in itself. So strong is the truth that a mere resemblance to it is the source of

strength to its opposite, until it be found that *like* is not *the same*.

Florimel had already made considerable progress in the art, but proficiency in lying does not always develop the power of detecting it. She knew that her father had on one occasion struck Malcolm, and that he had taken it with the utmost gentleness, confessing himself in the wrong. Also, she had the impression that for a menial to lift his hand against a gentleman, even in self-defence, was a thing unheard of. The blow Malcolm had struck Liftore was for her, not himself. Therefore, while her confidence in Malcolm's courage and prowess remained unshaken, she was yet able to believe that Liftore had done as he said, and supposed that Malcolm had submitted. In her heart she pitied without despising him.

Caley herself took him the message that he would not be wanted. As she delivered it she smiled an evil smile and dropped a mocking curtsy, with her gaze well fixed on his two black eyes and the great bruise between them.

When Liftore mounted to accompany Lady Lossie, it took all the pluck that belonged to his high breed to enable him to smile and smile with twenty counsellors in different parts of his body feelingly persuading him that he was at least a liar. As they rode Florimel asked him how he came to be at the studio that morning. He told her that he had wanted very much to see her portrait before the final touches were given it. He could have made certain suggestions, he believed, that no one else could. He had indeed, he confessed — and felt absolutely virtuous in doing so, because here he spoke a fact — heard from his aunt that Florimel was to be there that morning for the last time : it was therefore his only chance ; but he had expected to be there hours before she was out of bed. For the rest, he hoped he had been punished enough, seeing her rascally groom — and once more his lordship laughed peculiarly — had but just failed of breaking his arm : it was all he could do to hold the reins.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN OLD ENEMY.

ONE Sunday evening — it must have been just while Malcolm and Blue Peter stood in the Strand listening to a voluntary that filled and overflowed an otherwise empty church — a short, stout, elderly woman was walking lightly along the pavement of a street of small houses not

far from a thoroughfare which, crowded like a market the night before, had now two lively borders only — of holiday-makers mingled with church-goers. The bells for evening prayers were ringing. The sun had vanished behind the smoke and steam of London ; indeed, he might have set — it was hard to say without consulting the almanac — but it was not dark yet. The lamps in the street were lighted however, and also in the church she passed. She carried a small Bible in her hand, folded in a pocket handkerchief, and looked a decent woman from the country. Her quest was a place where the minister said his prayers, and did not read them out of a book : she had been brought up a Presbyterian, and had prejudices in favor of what she took for the simpler form of worship. Nor had she gone much farther before she came upon a chapel which seemed to promise all she wanted. She entered, and a sad-looking woman showed her to a seat. She sat down square, fixing her eyes at once on the pulpit, rather dimly visible over many pews, as if it were one of the mountains that surrounded her Jerusalem. The place was but scantily lighted, for the community at present could ill afford to burn daylight. When the worship commenced and the congregation rose to sing, she got up with a jerk that showed the duty as unwelcome as unexpected, but seemed by the way she settled herself in her seat for the prayer already thereby reconciled to the differences between Scotch church-customs and English chapel-customs. She went to sleep softly, and woke warily as the prayer came to a close.

While the congregation again sang the minister who had officiated hitherto left the pulpit, and another ascended to preach. When he began to read the text the woman gave a little start, and, leaning forward, peered very hard to gain a satisfactory sight of his face between the candles on each side of it, but without success : she soon gave up her attempted scrutiny, and thenceforward seemed to listen with marked attention. The sermon was a simple, earnest, at times impassioned, appeal to the hearts and consciences of the congregation. There was little attempt in it at the communication of knowledge of any kind, but the most indifferent hearer must have been aware that the speaker was earnestly straining after something. To those who understood it was as if he would force his way through every stockade of prejudice, ditch of habit, rampart of indifference, moat of

sin, wall of stupidity and curtain of ignorance until he stood face to face with the conscience of his hearer.

"Rank Arminianism!" murmured the woman. "Whaur's the gospel o' that?" But still she listened with seeming intentness, while something of wonder mingled with the something else that set in motion every live wrinkle in her forehead and made her eyebrows undulate like writhing snakes.

At length the preacher rose to eloquence — an eloquence inspired by the hunger of his soul after truth eternal and the love he bore to his brethren who fed on husks — an eloquence innocent of the tricks of elocution or the art of rhetoric; to have discovered himself using one of them would have sent him home to his knees in shame and fear — an eloquence not devoid of discords, the strings of his instrument being now slack with emotion, now tense with vision, yet even in those discords shrouding the essence of all harmony. When he ceased the silence that followed seemed instinct with thought, with that speech of the spirit which no longer needs the articulating voice.

"It *canna* be the stickit minister!" said the woman to herself.

The congregation slowly dispersed, but she sat motionless until all were gone and the sad-faced woman was putting out the lights. Then she rose, drew near through the gloom, and asked her the name of the gentleman who had given them such a grand sermon. The woman told her, adding that although he had two or three times spoken to them at the prayer-meeting — such words of comfort, the poor soul added, as she had never in her life heard before — this was the first time he had occupied the pulpit. The woman thanked her and went out into the street. "God bless me!" she said to herself as she walked away: "it *is* the stickit minister! Weel, won'ers 'ill never cease. The age o' miracles 'ill be come back, I'm thinkin'." And she laughed an oily, contemptuous laugh in the depths of her profuse person.

What caused her astonishment need cause none to the thoughtful mind. The man was no longer burdened with any anxiety as to his reception by his hearers; he was hampered by no necromantic agony to raise the dead letter of the sermon buried in the tail-pocket of his coat; he had thirty years more of life, and a whole granary filled with such truths as grow for him who is ever breaking up the clods of his being to the spiritual sun and

wind and dew; and, above all, he had an absolute yet expanding confidence in his Father in heaven, and a tender love for everything human. The tongue of the dumb had been in training for song. And, first of all, he had learned to be silent while he had naught to reveal. He had been trained to babble about religion, but through God's grace had failed in his babble, and that was in itself a success. He would have made one of the swarm that year after year cast themselves like flies on the burning sacrifice that they may live on its flesh, with evil odors extinguishing the fire that should have gone up in flame; but a burning coal from off the altar had been laid on his lips, and had silenced them in torture. For thirty years he had held his peace, until the word of God had become as a fire in his bones: it was now breaking forth in flashes.

On the Monday, Mrs. Catanach sought the shop of the deacon that was an ironmonger, secured for herself a sitting in the chapel for the next half-year, and prepaid the sitting.

"Wha kens," she said to herself, "what birds may come to gether worms an' golachs (*beetles*) aboot the boody-craw (*scarecrow*), Sanny Grame?"

She was one to whom intrigue, founded on the knowledge of private history, was as the very breath of her being: she could not exist in composure without it. Wherever she went, therefore — and her changes of residence had not been few — it was one of her first cares to enter into connection with some religious community; first, that she might have scope for her calling — that of a midwife, which in London would probably be straitened toward that of mere monthly nurse — and next, that thereby she might have good chances for the finding of certain weeds of occult power that spring mostly in walled gardens and are rare on the roadside — poisonous things mostly, called generically *secrets*.

At this time she had been for some painful months in possession of a most important one — painful I say, because all those months she had discovered no possibility of making use of it. The trial had been hard. Her one passion was to drive the dark horses of society, and here she had been sitting week after week on the coach-box over the finest team she had ever handled, ramping and "foming tarre," unable to give them their heads because the demon-grooms had disappeared and left the looped traces dangling from their collars. She had followed Florimel from

Portlossie to Edinburgh, and then to London, but not yet had seen how to approach her with probable advantage. In the meantime she had renewed old relations with a certain herb-doctor in Kentish Town, at whose house she was now accommodated. There she had already begun to entice the confidences of maidservants by use of what evil knowledge she had and pretence to more, giving herself out as a wise-woman. Her faith never failed her that, if she but kept handling the fowls of circumstances, one or other of them must at length drop an egg of opportunity in her lap. When she stumbled upon the schoolmaster preaching in a chapel near her own haunts, she felt something more like a gust of gratitude to the dark power that sat behind and pulled the strings of events — for thus she saw through her own projected phantom the heart of the universe — than she had ever yet experienced. If there were such things as special providences, here, she said, was one: if not, then it was better luck than she had looked for. The main point in it was that the dominie seemed likely, after all, to turn out a popular preacher: then beyond a doubt other Scotch people would gather to him: this or that person might turn up, and any one might turn out useful. One thread might be knotted to another, until all together made a clew to guide her straight through the labyrinth to the centre, to lay her hand on the collar of the demon of the house of Lossie. It was the biggest game of her life, and had been its game long before the opening of my narrative.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

WHEN Malcolm first visited Mr. Graham the schoolmaster had already preached two or three times in the pulpit of Hope Chapel. His ministrations at the prayer-meetings had led to this; for every night on which he was expected to speak there were more people present than on the last; and when the deacons saw this they asked him to preach on the Sundays. After two Sundays they came to him in a body and besought him to become a candidate for the vacant pulpit, assuring him of success if he did so. He gave a decided refusal, however, nor mentioned his reasons. His friend Marshal urged him, pledging himself for his income to an amount which would have been riches to the dominie, but in vain. Thereupon the silk-mercator concluded that he must have money, and,

kind man as he was, grew kinder in consequence, and congratulated him on his independence.

"I depend more on the fewness of my wants than on any earthly store for supplying them," said the dominie.

Marshal's thermometer fell a little, but not his anxiety to secure services which, he insisted, would be for the glory of God and the everlasting good of perishing souls. The schoolmaster only smiled queerly and held his peace. He consented, however, to preach the next Sunday, and on the Monday consented to preach the next again. For several weeks the same thing recurred. But he would never promise on a Sunday, or allow the briefest advertisement to be given concerning him. All said he was feeling his way.

Neither had he, up to this time, said a word to Malcolm about the manner in which his Sundays were employed, while yet he talked much about a school he had opened in a room occupied in the evenings by a debating club, where he was teaching such children of small shopkeepers and artisans as found their way to him — in part through his connection with the chapel-folk. When Malcolm had called on a Sunday his landlady had been able to tell him nothing more than that Mr. Graham had gone out at such and such an hour — she presumed to church; and when he had once or twice expressed a wish to accompany him wherever he went to worship, Mr. Graham had managed somehow to let him go without having made any arrangement for his doing so.

On the evening after his encounter with Liftore, Malcolm visited the schoolmaster and told him everything about the affair. He concluded by saying that Lizzy's wrongs had loaded the whip far more than his sister's insult, but that he was very doubtful whether he had had any right to constitute himself the avenger of either after such a fashion. Mr. Graham replied that a man ought never to be carried away by wrath, as he had so often sought to impress upon him, and not without success; but that in the present case, as the rascal deserved it so well, he did not think he need trouble himself much. At the same time, he ought to remind himself that the rightness or wrongness of any particular act was of far less consequence than the rightness or wrongness of the will whence sprang the act; and that while no man could be too anxious as to whether a contemplated action ought or ought not to be done, at the same time no man *could* do

anything absolutely right until he was one with Him whose was the only absolute self-generated purity—that is, until God dwelt in him and he in God.

Before he left, the schoolmaster had acquainted him with all that portion of his London history which he had hitherto kept from him, and told him where he was preaching.

When Caley returned to her mistress after giving Malcolm the message that she did not require his services, and reported the condition of his face, Florimel informed her of the chastisement he had received from Liftore, and desired her to find out for her how he was, for she was anxious about him. Somehow, Florimel felt sorrier for him than she could well understand, seeing he was but a groom—a great lumbering fellow, all his life used to hard knocks, which probably never hurt him. That her mistress should care so much about him added yet an acrid touch to Caley's spite; but she put on her bonnet and went to the mews to confer with the wife of his lordship's groom, who, although an honest woman, had not yet come within her dislike. She went to make her inquiries, however, full of grave doubt as to his lordship's statement to her mistress; and the result of them was a conviction that beyond his facial bruises, of which Mrs. Merton had heard no explanation, Malcolm had had no hurt. This confirmed her suspicion that his lordship had received what he professed to have given; from a window she had seen him mount his horse, and her woman's fancy for him, while it added to her hate of Malcolm, did not prevent her from thinking of the advantage the discovery might bring in the prosecution of her own schemes. But now she began to fear Malcolm a little as well as hate him. And indeed he was rather a dangerous person to have about, where all but himself had secrets more or less bad, and one at least had dangerous ones, as Caley's conscience, or what poor monkey rudiment in her did duty for one, in private asserted. Notwithstanding her hold upon her mistress, she would not have felt it quite safe to let her know all her secrets. She would not have liked to say, for instance, how often she woke suddenly with a little feeble wail sounding in the ears that fingers cannot stop, or to confess that it cried out against a double injustice, that of life and that of death; she had crossed the border of the region of horror, and went about with a worm coiled in her heart, like a centipede in the stone of a peach.

"Merton's wife knows nothing, my lady," she said on her return. "I saw the fellow in the yard going about much as usual. He will stand a good deal of punishing, I fancy, my lady—like that brute of a horse he makes such a fuss with. I can't help wishing, for your ladyship's sake, we had never set eyes on him. He'll do us all a mischief yet before we get rid of him. I've had a hinstinc' of it, my lady, from the first moment I set eyes on him"—Caley's speech was never classic; when she was excited it was low—"and when I have a hinstinc' of anythink, he's not a dog as barks for nothink. Mark my words—and I'm sure I beg your pardon, my lady—but that man will bring shame on the house. He's that arrogant an' interferin' as is certain sure to bring your ladyship into public speech an' a scandal; things will come to be spoke, my lady, that hadn't ought to be mentioned. Why, my lady, he must ha' struck his lordship afore he'd ha' give him two such black eyes as them. And him that good-natured an' condescendin'! I'm sure I don't know what's to come on it, but your ladyship might cast a thought on the rest of us females as can't take the liberties of born ladies without sufferin' for it. Think what the world will say of *us*! It's hard, my lady, on the likes of us."

But Florimel was not one to be talked into doing what she did not choose. Neither would she to her maid render her reasons for not choosing. She had repaired her fortifications, strengthened herself with Liftore, and was confident. "The fact is, Caley," she said, "I have fallen in love with Kelpie, and never mean to part with her—at least till I can ride her or she kills me. So I can't do without MacPhail. And I hope she won't kill him before he has persuaded her to let me mount her. The man must go with the mare. Besides, he is such a strange fellow, if I turned him away I should quite expect him to poison her before he left."

The maid's face grew darker. That her mistress had the slightest intention of ever mounting that mare she did not find herself fool enough to believe, but of other reasons she could spy plenty behind. And such there truly were, though none of the sort which Caley's imagination, swift to evil, now supplied. The kind of confidence she was yet capable of reposing in her groom Caley had no faculty for understanding, and she was the last person to whom her mistress could

impart the fact of her father's leaving her in charge of his young henchman. To the memory of her father she clung, and so far faithfully that even now, when Malcolm had begun to occasion her a feeling of awe and rebuke, she did not the less confidently regard him as her good genius that he was in danger of becoming an unpleasant one.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
MAGAZINE LITERATURE.*

PERIODICAL literature appears to have been an original English growth. What the Hôtel de Rambouillet had done, half a century before, for France, that "The Spectator" did for England, and it was characteristic of the two nations that the agent in the one should be a *salon*, in the other a paper. Both raised, refined, and purified the public taste at a time when storms had subsided, and left a good deal of mud behind them, and both did so only by a certain stiff fastidiousness which made Frenchwomen *précieuses*, and Englishmen prigs.

One Dr. Drake, in 1818, collected much curious information respecting these early periodicals, showing that the first idea sprang from Steele, and the practical execution is due to Addison, whose invention of the club of "The Spectator" gave a dramatic variety to the letters and essays, and scope for the employment of many different hands. It is plain that an immense effect was produced on the turbid waters. Dr. Drake quotes from contemporary pamphlets evidence that the whole current of thought was affected:—

All the pulpit discourses of a year scarce produce half the good that flowed from "The Spectator" of a day. . . . These writings have set all our wits and men of letters on a new way of thinking, of which they had but little or no notion before. Every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.

The circulation amounted to twenty thousand a day, and reached even to the Highlands (and this in the days of roads "before they were made"), and were read with the news of the week by grave pol-

iticians, who met on Sunday evenings "to arrange the affairs of the nation."

Indeed, the Saturday papers in "The Spectator" are meant to be directly religious treatises. To us they look very flat, dry, and "fusionless," just fit for the age that had driven out the Non-jurors, but they were written in all sincerity, and did their work in keeping up the recognition of religion among the "wits," who gave their tone to the thought of the country. Nor must we forget that we owe to Addison the resuscitation of some of the most beautiful hymns of a more earnest and gifted generation than his own. Many persons are amazed to find that "The spacious firmament on high," and "When all thy mercies, O my God," are not Addison's, but Andrew Marvell's. There was wholesome training, too, in the contemplation of the model Old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, so faithfully attending his village church, and making the responses sonorously, even though he rebuked the idle in an equally loud voice, and was himself the chooser of the printed sermons from which the parson was to preach. And as we know, Addison so loved Sir Roger, that, as Cervantes did by Don Quixote, he slew him with his own hand to save him from being murdered by others.

It was "The Spectator," too, that made Milton the fashion, and, by disinterring "Chevy Chase," began that delight in ballad lore which Johnson in vain ridiculed, and which bred our chief romantic literature and antiquarianism.

The correspondence afforded a ready lash for the many follies, foibles, and impertinences of the day. Letters on assumptions in manners and dress, complaints of my lady's caprices from my lady's own woman, pictures of life with the masculine lady of the time, or the gentleman too much devoted to the arts of the kitchen, cannot fail to amuse any one who dips into the long rows of little brown volumes which range along the uppermost shelves of old libraries, by showing how unlike our own were the manners, how like the natures of our forefathers and foremothers.

France, Germany, and Holland had soon "Spectators" of their own, and at home Dr. Drake enumerates no less than thirty of the like papers before the era of "The Rambler." It is curious to find that one of these was called "The Free Thinker," not by any means in the present sense of the word, at least, so we hope, for it numbered an Archbishop of Armagh and a Bishop of Rochester among the contribu-

* 1. *Blackwood's Magazine*. (Blackwood, Edinburgh.)

2. *Chambers's Magazine*. (Chambers, Edinburgh.)

3. *Macmillan's Magazine*. (Macmillan.)

4. *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. (Bell.)

5. *The Monthly Packet*. (Mozley and Smith.)

6. *The Churchman's Companion*. (Masters.)

tors to its "elegant fictions," and was conducted by that Ambrose Philips, whose poems on aristocratic babies and "silly swains and yet more silly sheep" assisted in lowering "silly" from its Miltonic sense of *selig*, blessed; and whose nickname enriched the language with the adjective "namby-pamby." No wonder "The Free Thinker" did not thrive.

In truth "The Spectator" was a daily paper, and with all its class was more like a single article from one of our weekly papers, such as the *Saturday Review* or the *Athenæum*, than the magazines which are its numerous progeny.

We have had the curiosity to look out the word magazine in our Johnson and our Webster. It appears that the word comes from the Arabic *makhzan*, a granary, whence the Spanish *almacen*, the French *magasin*, and our magazines, which were almost always of corn or of ammunition, until Edward Cave, in 1731, adopted the word as a title for his monthly paper, the now venerable *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1755, Johnson, with evident reluctance, adds to the original definition: "Of late this word has signified a miscellaneous pamphlet, from a periodical miscellany named the *Gentleman's Magazine*," and now after a century, that peculiar affectation, which makes second-rate English people like to discard common words, has overthrown this sensible term, and when we go to inquire for our magazines, the shopman stares as if we uttered a vulgarity, and reproachfully says, "Your serials, sir?"—periodicals, which first began the evil custom of turning an adjective into a substantive, having in the mean time fallen into disuse.

However, newspapers still head their critical column "The Magazines," and so far they are praiseworthy, though we have very considerable doubts whether the perpetual hasty and ephemeral criticism of the daily press is a wholesome stimulant to the subjects of it, often amounting as it does to a mere advertisement. To attempt a history of magazine literature would be entirely beyond our bounds. All we can do is to mention what seems to us the chief stages in its course.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* was, as it professed, a storehouse of information of various kinds, not very brilliant, but useful and sensible; and the *Lady's*, which followed, was a curious collection of fashions, bad poetry, and worse novels, which, we think, was never in vogue with people of the higher classes, though it must have lived on many years, to judge by the

accumulated volumes sometimes to be found in old inns or farmhouses.

It was not, however, till the lull that followed the downfall of Napoleon I. that there was leisure for much idle literature or any great facility for its transmission. Then it was that publishers began to start magazines, such as the *Monthly* and *New Monthly* in double columns of close printing, intended to supply the reader with a selection of fare, heavy or light or both, as the case might be, for a whole month. The first which really attained any distinction was *Blackwood's* in the hands of Professor Wilson. Reading his papers in cold blood after the lapse of forty years, it is difficult to realize the delight people felt in the symposia of Christopher North. We can only think of Mr. Pickwick, an evident parody of the great man, whose speeches were greeted with rapture, whether critical, political, humorous, or, we must now say, extravagant. When our elders tell us how eagerly they watched for *Blackwood* and revelled in the domineering sententiousness of Christopher and the broad Scotch jokes of the Shepherd, we turn to the old volumes, and stand amazed at the rampant thing that Toryism was in their day, and at the kind of wit that then went such a long way. And yet, in its kind, Christopher's is a wholesome, honest, outspoken sort of temper, always hearty in praise or blame, and never dealing with what would soil the imagination: it is rough but not bitter, rude but not sneering. The spirit is that of a great boy, vehement in both likes and dislikes, crushing a noxious insect with sledge-hammer force, and then raving over the charms of his favorite pursuits. "Maga" and "Ebony," and the like pet names are displayed to the public with the utmost simplicity, and the public accepted the confidence with equal cordiality.

With Wilson, *Blackwood* lost this distinctive feature of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," but it has continued to stand high in reputation, for good and sound critical papers and essays, and for fiction of a superior order—many of our best novels having first seen the light in its pages. There is no fear in taking up a number of Christopher North's beloved "Maga" that we shall find anything for which to blush, or any attacks or sneers on what we hold most sacred.

There are almost as many periodicals as there are great publishers. There seems to be a necessity laid on every "set" to have what it is now the fashion to call "its organ:" but as all kinds of fingers play on

most of the organs in turn, there is nothing very distinctive left about them. It was one of the stock pieces of advice in books for young people forty years ago to avoid reviews and magazines, for fear of being made desultory. The magazines were too strong, or the young people too careless for the warning to be heeded, and perhaps its truth has been proved, for desultory the great proportion of us are, if by that we mean that there are comparatively very few readers who ever attempt a long many-volumed book, steadily work through a standard old history, or return again and again to an old favorite. One feels at times as if it would be a good thing to be shut up with half a dozen old books for a year, that one might read something through, instead of, as soon as one is settled into some solid book, being swept from it by the tide that sets in on the first of every month. Yet if there be a virtuous attempt to cling to the older friend and let the new-comer drift by, we find ourselves left behind in household talk, in social conversation, and altogether out of the current of affairs. So, as the sheaf of periodicals comes in, we treat them as a naughty child does a dish of apples, taking a bite out of each in haste, ere they are passed on to some one else, or join the many-colored pile in the cupboard. Some people do still steadily refuse to read a story in instalments, but the most part have cultivated a curious faculty in their minds, by which they keep eight or ten serial stories distinct from month to month, and never confuse their heroes and heroines.

Fiction is the inevitable feature of all magazines alike; in some the wing meant to bear the solid part, as the thistle-down, the seed in others the chief element, only ballasted by a small amount of "wadding." We are far, however, from thinking this reign of magazines altogether a misfortune. Many are thus enabled to read, who would never have had books within range of a more expensive kind. Subjects are ventilated as they could never be in separate pamphlets, and there is a ready circulation of useful discoveries or proposals. And the fiction itself gets more thoroughly read and commented on than it does in a complete form when it can be rapidly turned over and dismissed. The young muse is especially obliged to the poet's corner of a magazine, which enables her effusions to be put on their trial without that fatal venture, the publication of a volume. Altogether, the manufacturers of literature have reason to be grateful to the system,

which, by lessening the risk of publishing their first essays in the craft, trains their 'prentice hands with some remuneration, and thus lifts them above that miserable dependence on patrons and publishers, of which Hogarth's "Poor Author" is the embodiment.

On the other hand, the temptation is great of rushing unadvisedly into print. First beginners do not indeed find it very easy, and are apt to run the gauntlet through a series of rejections; but once established as a contributor, there is every temptation to slurring, hasty work, and in some cases to sacrificing the general artistic effect of a whole production to the desire to make a point in each number, and always to let the curtain fall at some climax. Then the graver articles are very apt to be the crude result of some dredging in a few of the usually neglected library-shelves. The abstracts that would once have been made as a part of self-education are poured out as discoveries; and what, perhaps, is worse, the essays written during the working of the mind, and which are sometimes mere scum of fermentation, are sent forth to puzzle the world, and to commit the author to sentiments he would soon have outgrown. There are old stock subjects which come to the surface once or twice in every generation, such as the authorship of Junius, the Man in the Iron Mask, Caspar Hauser, and the Peter Botte Fountain, which all seem to be regarded as the material of magazines, and which happily come fresh to somebody.

Magazines, literary, improving, religious, juvenile, and amusing, there are in numbers, besides the serial papers devoted to some special purpose, of which there is no need to take any notice here. Every one has probably an ideal of a magazine, which might be carried out, if editors were infallible, and could also command perfect contributors, whose productions would never disappoint or run counter to all expectations, or turn out too long or too short. It is rather awkward for the public if the slumbers of all the Homers of a number take place at the same time, as they are too apt to do in the heats of August. Moreover, editors have relations and friends, ay, and friends' and relations' friends—people who, as Dickens, we think, describes it, expect you to accept an article because their wife's brother once lent your uncle an alpenstock.

The nearest approach to the ideal magazine of the second order, that we remember, was *Sharpe's Magazine*, in those days

when "Frank Fairleigh" predominated in its fiction, S. M. was the poet, and the other articles were thoroughly fresh and vigorous. It was a perfect feast to seize upon one of the numbers, but there seems to be some fatality on this class of magazines intended to be popular. The fresh vigor evaporated, the character changed, people dropped it, and then it dropped. A serial of this class is avowedly much wanted, and has been often attempted, but never is able long to survive. One difficulty is illustrations, which are always needed to float such a magazine, but more often swamp it by their expense. Even *Good Words*, which began vigorously, soon fell into the pathos of the perpetual reproduction of two lovers looking into each other's eyes, and employs artists so devoted to the existing style of dress that the country girl described as clad in the homeliest manner appears in the true "tilted hat" and tightened garments of the period. And in the current number this December, the artist has been so palpably heedless of the story that the hair described in the line below as flowing, is shown in the woodcut rolled up. These may be trifles, but they show culpable heedlessness. The *Day of Rest*, and that infantine magazine the *Peepshow*, also the *British Workman*, have the best woodcuts, partly because they eschew the sentimental style. But it is a strange fact that the evangelical and semi-Dissenting magazines have almost a monopoly of clever art in woodcuts. Yet we can hardly suppose it is owing to their having a larger circulation.

There is at this moment no perfectly satisfactory magazine, that we know of, to send into the servants' hall after the first novelty, and then to pass on to the lending library. *Good Words* has not the brilliancy it had in the outset under its original editor. This would not matter, nor would we even object to an inoffensive negativity in its theology, but we have no security against such objectionable stories as Mrs. Edwards' tale of the "The Sylvestres," dealing in French Fourierists, and the Rev. Llewellyn Davies has been known in his ardor for cremation to state that the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is founded on some misunderstanding of St. Paul's words. It seems to us that the plan throughout has been the collecting authors of name and then leaving them entirely to their own devices—a plan working well for literary interest, but not for the edification of those who need guidance. It is a great pity the *People's Mag-*

azine did not attain liveliness enough to be popular, and thus perished, probably through the contrary fault of not allowing freedom enough, and the *Leisure Hour* has at present a story seemingly intended to diffuse mistrust and party spirit. The *Day of Rest* has some excellent contributors—Hesba Stretton, whose stories are always successful, and Mr. Proctor for science; but there is a tone of semi-Dissent about some of its papers that prevents us from committing ignorant readers to it. The like is the case with *Evening Hours*, which has lapsed more into this tone since its nominal editor has been avowedly beyond the reach of exercising any supervision. Her letters from Port Natal are the best thing in the numbers; but that a name should be lent as editor when editorial work is impossible, seems to us a strange thing. We greatly need a really good magazine of this kind, with fiction, always pure and sound, stirring and lively enough to command eager interest, and with good scientific and historical articles, really able sketches of scenes and places at home and abroad, and altogether such a collection as would command the interest of a larger class of readers. We do not want it to be a directly "religious magazine," only that religious principle should underlie everything in it, and that truth, reverence, and decorum should always be attended to.

We have more directly religious magazines in *Golden Hours*, the *Churchman's Companion*, and *Monthly Packet*, the first of which alone attempts art, and that not very high art. *Golden Hours* has often pleasant chapters of travel, and sensible papers on other subjects, but its tales are apt to be controversial, and the dread of Romanism seems to be their chief moral. The *Churchman's Companion* often has excellent articles in it, but its weak point is the religious sensationalism of most of its fiction. Religious is hardly the right word, for there is apt to be a great deal too much of minute detail of ornament and ritual combined with a rather sickly sentiment. It is very unfortunate, for the ecclesiastical articles are often excellent, but the weakness and silliness of some of these tales absolutely prevent the book from being read by persons to whom the more solid papers would be most useful. The *Monthly Packet* has adapted itself from the first to the needs of young girls of the well-educated classes, and its best articles usually run on from number to number so long, that there is little to interest a person who takes up a

number casually, through there is much in it very valuable to regular subscribers.

What we want is something like what *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* has been, nay, we can almost say that it still is. It is full of short, interesting articles, always bright, clever, and full of information, but perfectly colorless as to religion. The weak point is, as usual, in the tales, and as after all it is stories that form the chief training in morals of an immense portion of our population, it is of great importance that these should be high-minded and well-principled. And here it is that the avoidance of religious topics tells. No one can write of the great events of human life, such as are the topics of fiction, without shallowness and poorness, or else without passion and lawlessness, who has not the mingled soberness and earnestness given by religious principle. And no one so feeling, can long write good papers in which all reference to the highest motives is kept out of sight. Innocent and pure these novelettes in *Chambers's* always are, but the longer ones have a great tendency to vehement sensational adventures, and the shorter are little more than lively accounts of some small love-affair, some mistake of identity, some imaginary terror, and are forgotten as soon as read. However, take it for all in all, there is no entirely secular magazine we could so gladly see occupying a spare moment as *Chambers's*. And this merit of doing no harm is no small one. Children's magazines ought to thrive more than they do, considering the real delight they are. It was a bad sign when Mozley's excellent *Magazine for the Young* failed for want of support; *Aunt Judy*, with all her talent, has been forced to raise her price, yet she really commands first-class juvenile writing, and is much better than *Good Things*. The *Chatter-box* and the *Peepshow* are too slight for a thoughtful child, though excellent for a younger one.

We feel this keenly when we pass from these so-called "popular magazines" to the larger monthlies, which lie on drawing-room tables and on bookstalls at stations; the newer ones shining in butterfly tints, the older ones preserving their ancient sober livery.

Here is the *Argosy*, over which we mourn. It began so well, with that curious story of "Shoemaker's Village," so wonderfully picturing one of those self-grown clusters of houses where the British workman is seen in his true colors; also with "Robert Falconer," one of the best of

George MacDonald's tales, and with other thoughtful papers that made those earlier numbers valuable. But for the last six or eight years, it has changed its character, and become a vehicle for the regular sensational novel, sometimes by Mrs. Henry Wood, sometimes by an imitator, with the regular murder at the beginning, and all the millinery details in which that school delight. There was one story, called "Parkwater," so disgusting that we cannot imagine how it could have been printed. The stories professing to be the recollections of Johnnie Ludlow have a certain naïve charm of style, and the two or three characters who run through them all, the squire, his wife and son, are so natural that we forget the improbability of a moderately peopled neighborhood having supplied such a fund of startling experiences and strange mysteries. The other tales are generally of that flimsy style which seems as if there were some machine to turn them off—a pair of lovers, a tragic or a comic incident, death or marriage, all in half-a-dozen pages, to be glanced at and forgotten. Sometimes there is a tolerable bit of foreign scenery, sometimes a scrap of historical character, and the inevitable poem. *Voilà tout*.

The other monthlies of higher pretensions lose a good deal of individuality from the practice of engaging authors all round in turn to supply articles, so that it might be possible to run through the whole course. *London Society*, *Belgravia*, and *Tinsley's* all have much the same character, and are almost wholly devoted to novels, with the lightest and most unsubstantial wadding between. In general, the novels are of the sensational type, and are apt to deal with equivocal positions and unpleasant mysteries. We must, however, make an exception in favor of a tale called "Wood and Married," by Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, which ran on for a good while in *Tinsley's*, and was a really beautiful story, with some fine characters in it.

None of these approach the brilliancy of *Household Words*, when Dickens was its editor, and when Mrs. Gaskell was contributing her delicious "Cranford"—perhaps one of the best specimens of feminine humor in the language for quiet grace and delicacy. Such contributors as these cannot be called up at will; so it is not fair to complain of their absence!

But we do complain of the presence of what is painful and unwholesome, like the fiction we often find in the *Cornhill*. There is no want of ability here, nor of

interest, but surely it is not well that a popular serial, which lies on all our tables, should be made the field for creating sympathy with a woman who wants to marry her brother-in-law, as in "Hannah," for such a painful picture as begins "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," and for that present story of "Carità," in which Mrs. Oliphant, to our grief and indignation, has brought forward a piteous suicide to escape a lingering disease. The description is excellent, and we are shown how the vivacious, eager, self-indulgent woman, who has lived a life of refined amusement and vanity, is absolutely unable to accept the sentence that condemns her to a slow agony, and thinks of nothing but how to escape it, without apparently the least recollection of any over-ruling Power—without hope and without fear of aught beyond the present. Nor, so far, is there any condemnation of the terrible act, and whatever the sequel may disclose in the course of events, we cannot but think the promulgation of these earlier chapters unjustifiable. Did the author ask herself how they might affect some sufferer in the same circumstances, and what morbid suggestions they might carry with them? It is one of the further difficulties of conscientious magazine writing, that the Nemesis deferred to the end of a long tale does not tell upon the earlier portions when they are first read and commented upon.

Perhaps we shall be told that conscientious magazine writing is a "goody" idea, exploded long ago! Well, we are content to accept the imputation. We do think that it is a fearful responsibility to scatter broadcast pictures of frivolity, passion, and temptation, if not of vice, and that those who eagerly read such descriptions, though it may be far from them to do such things, certainly "take pleasure in those that do them."

Of course we do not expect that all writing should necessarily be *virginibus puerisque*, though we believe that it is a fact that the highest and noblest class of mind, and therefore the most manly, shrinks with disgust from foul descriptions, as health turns from disease. Great tragedy must perforce be concerned with crime and passion, but to treat these as subjects for great poems, tracing out the moral retribution with stern poetical justice, is not like the morbid love of close painting of the details which bring the horrors as close to us as if we were reading them in the newspaper. Or why should we have bits of history, told with evident zest, of people who are better forgotten, such as

the Marquise de Verneuil? The *Cornhill* has had such admirable papers in it—Miss Thackeray's charming tales and many others, which we lovingly remember, that we regret the more the uncomfortable tone (to say no more of it) so many of its articles have lately assumed.

A serial tale, if at all powerful, takes more hold of the imagination than one published complete, because there is more suspense and more discussion, and thus an objectionable one does more mischief in this form. Moreover, when the evil is detected, people have become interested, and do not like to withdraw their subscriptions till they know the end. A little resolution in this matter and a little conscience about reading are much needed in the present day. If all right-minded heads of families refused to take in a book where there was one of these undesirable tales going on, the supply would fall off, for the taste of the market is consulted, and authors would not be actually told that they must strain for incidents and passions to which they are unequal, and can only describe by mounting on stilts of other people's.

There are also the partly political, partly literary magazines, such as *Fraser's*, *Macmillan's*, *St. James's*, and the *Temple Bar*. In these the imaginative portion is more the wing to float the seed of thought than the *raison d'être*, and we think that their vigor as to social questions, both for evil and for good, has diminished since the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly Review* have served as an arena. Papers on abuses or on charities find a home in *Macmillan*, and there is good criticism at times in all of them, but memorable articles do not very often occur, and the wading is sometimes extensive, though now and then there breaks on us some really able enunciation put forth by a person who really has something to say, and says it with all his might, such as Miss Octavia Hill's occasional papers on the London poor, in *Macmillan*; but, on the whole, we think there is less force and variety in these serials than there was in their earlier days, and though their fiction is more guarded than in some others, it has not been of the first order of late.

We were all bewitched with Mr. Black's descriptions of scenery in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and "A Princess of Thule," and there are arch pictures of character that take the imagination for a time, but the stories themselves are apt to compress into something rather poor and unsatisfactory. Try to tell the out-

line of any one of them, apart from the grace of manner, and it is amazing how little there is in them. Indeed we are at a loss to understand how so extravagant and absurd a character as "Madcap Violet" can have had such a run. There is nothing in her worthy of admiration, and she only attracts by a certain fun and dash. Is it a wholesome state of things when such a wild, reckless, insubordinate girl is held up as the subject of interest? And how can a firm of such high character admit an article ending as one on "German Cradle-Songs" does in this December number? where we are told that the Christmas tree "points to the day when religion, having ceased to be a dogma, will have become once more simple poetry, and as such, the common inheritance of the pure in heart and child-like in spirit." We ask, is it fair on us and on our sons and daughters to scatter such anti-Christian aspirations in their way?

It is well that magazines should exist, as a vehicle for expression on many topics which require less ephemeral treatment than can be given in a newspaper, and yet cannot well stand alone. Yet we think that the continual feeding on this kind of literature is not favorable. Everything is in scraps, they come round like the fare at a dinner-party, cut and garnished mouthfuls, while we never see the *pièces de résistance*, from which half the materials come, and we get into a habit of expecting everything to be thus made easy for us, so that some of us are no more able to cater for ourselves, in a library, than we are to exercise the noble art of carving, once the mark of a well-bred man or woman.

Yet in the interest of the many who can read intelligently, and have small means of buying books, who need windows opened to them in the world present and past, and want freshness and variety, we would fain see what we have described as an ideal magazine, and which a very little might make some of the existing ones.

At the same time we hold that much of the special mission of magazines has been taken away by the general cheapness of standard books, and that the habit of dipping idly into them is a pernicious one. While each trusts to its serial tale to float it, and runs on just because people are accustomed to it, or want to see the end of the story, both the writer and reader are injured by the process. Would not even that beautiful story, "Off the Skel-

ligns," have been far better if it had been written as a whole, when it must have been less disjointed and better brought into keeping? And would not the idea of a complete and connected plot, such as we see in Miss Austen's novels, be less entirely beyond the conception of the present generation?

Hasty writing, without sense of responsibility in sending forth crudities, is the bane of the thinkers of our day, and we suspect that the abuse of magazine publicity has much assisted in forming the habit. What seems indeed to be most needed in all concerned with light literature, is—we are sorry to say it—a conscience, and a sense that a written sentence is even more potent for good or evil than a spoken sentence. This seems a self-evident fact; and yet, alas! how many there are who think nothing of perplexing others with their own troubled and vague theories. And how many more who seem to have no dread of pollution to the mind from what they read to pass away an idle hour!

From The New Quarterly Review.
GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE.

BY EDWARD BARRINGTON DE FONBLANQUE.

IF the present period is not favorable to the development of the organ of veneration, and if there are fair grounds for the charge so often brought against the rising generation, of a want of deference for age; it may, on the other hand, be allowed that age is apt to be somewhat exacting in its assertion of a claim to exceptional respect, as though it were to be universally admitted as an established fact, that years invariably bring experience, and that experience invariably teaches wisdom and virtue; as though there were no such things as foolish old men or grey-haired sinners.

Goethe, who was singularly free from conventional prejudices, had no delusions on this point. In his eightieth year he gave it as his opinion, that men did not, as a rule, grow wiser with old age, that the utmost they could do with advancing years was to endeavor to preserve the good that was in them, and that, in many matters, the judgment was at least as reliable at five-and-twenty as at sixty.

"I have no reason to complain," he says, "of want of intellectual productiveness in my old age; but those things which, in my youth, I could accomplish

daily and under all circumstances, I can now only succeed in doing at times and under favorable conditions."

Three centuries he grows, and three he stays Supreme in state, and in three more decays,

says Dryden of the oak. Substitute decades for centuries, and the couplet may be applied to the life of man, allowing him his first thirty years for the attainment of full physical and moral stature, and the next thirty for developing and expanding in intellectual breadth. The third stage is one of decadence: the process may be slow, and almost imperceptible, but the canker is at work. The mind may be unconscious of loss of power, or the body capable of its usual exertion, but that nice balance between the two, which makes up the symmetry of healthful manhood in its prime is impaired. Why then do we insist upon associating exceptional wisdom with advancing years, thus estimating a thing not according to its permanent or rising, but to its declining value?

Instances there are, it is true, of intellectual vigor surviving to a very advanced stage. We Englishmen are proud to cite some three or four such from among the statesmen and jurists of a past generation; but for each one of these cases how many are there in which we are doomed to lament the unmistakable encroachments of senility, gradually sapping the powers of a great mind, or, sadder still, to mourn over the contemplation of a gigantic intellect dwindling into the impotence of early childhood.

We meet, not unfrequently, with a mind which, even towards the close of a long life, may bear advantageous comparison with thousands of average minds in their maturity; but in order to establish its claim to unimpaired vigor it should be submitted to the more severe test of comparison with itself when in its prime, and such a test it is surely unreasonable to impose. We have no right to look for meridian rays towards evening; the best and highest hope we can have for a great and honored life is that, like the sun at the close of a bright summer's day, it should go down in calm and cloudless splendor. Such was the sunset of Goethe's life; so in his eighty-third year he passed away shedding light, warmth, and color around him to the last. Even of him it cannot be said that he had been exempted from the infirmities of age, or that in his later years the fire of his genius burnt with as bright a flame as in earlier days; but what a grand spectacle he presented to the end,

to the very end, when, with his failing breath the dying giant gasped out a prayer for "more light!"

The loving and faithful disciple who has recorded his conversations with the great master during the last nine years of his life,* and who had seen him for the first time when he was already in his seventy-fourth year, does not deny that his hero occasionally felt weighed down by the burden of his years, and complains that at these times "a heavy mist seemed to rest upon his soul," but these were passing moods.

"Winter and summer," says Eckerman, "age and youth, seemed to maintain a constant struggle within him, yet marvellous was it to mark how in this man, between seventy and eighty, youth was ever in the ascendant, and how the autumn and winter days referred to, were the rare exceptions in his life."

It is impossible that the words uttered in the calm and repose of his old age by one who had stamped the impress of his genius upon his generation, and whose creations are destined to influence the thought of many generations yet unborn, can be read without deep interest, and a person living in constant and (with due allowance for differences of age and position) familiar intercourse with such a man had certainly exceptional opportunities for recording these words in all their force and freshness. A nature like Goethe's becomes more grand the nearer it is approached; it is only among the contemptible that familiarity breeds contempt.† If then his conversations upon a wide range of subjects, literary, political, religious, social, and personal, fall short of our expectations, and fail to contribute, in an adequate degree, to our knowledge of his mind and character, we may safely conclude that the fault lies with the biographer and not with his subject. In justice to Eckerman it may be allowed that he was conscious of his inability to do full justice to his hero, for in his preface he compares himself to a child who has endeavored to catch the summer rain in his outstretched hands, but has allowed the greater portion of the precious drops to

* *Gespräche mit Göthe in den letzten Jahren Seines Lebens*, von Johann Peter Eckerman. First published at Leipzig, in 1836.

† According to Mr. Lewes it was Hegel, who said that if no man could be a hero to his valet-de-chambre, it was "not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is a valet." The authorship of this wise and witty rejoinder to a popular aphorism has been fathered upon, and quoted by, many writers; but Mr. Lewes authoritatively attributes its origin to the German philosopher.

dribble through its fingers. But, even the drops which he succeeded in catching are not always precious drops. In reading Eckerman's volumes we are frequently tempted to ask ourselves whether Goethe would have consented to their publication, had he been consulted. A great man might entrust to the friendly judgment of his physician the duty of writing the story of his death-bed, but he would hardly wish the final chapter of his biography to be contributed by the good-natured nurse who had attended him through his last illness, soothed him in his querulous moods, humored him in his wild fancies, and perhaps listened to the incoherent utterances of his fevered and wandering brain. Goethe was, as has been shown, singularly free in his old age from the ills that flesh is heir to, but we are inclined to suspect that had he been subject to drivelling and childishness, his biographer would have reproduced some such twaddle in the same reverential spirit in which he has recorded the poet's most pregnant words.

Johann Peter Eckerman, born in the vicinity of Hamburg towards the end of last century, of peasant parents, had in his fifteenth year barely acquired the first rudiments of education, by such attendance at the village school as he could snatch in the intervals of farm drudgery. A natural taste and capacity which he displayed for drawing, attracted the notice of a local official, who afforded him opportunities for some higher instruction, by means of which he was enabled to qualify for a small appointment under government. Called to take up arms in the German wars of liberation, he availed himself of a campaign in the Low Countries to make himself acquainted with the great Dutch painters, whose works the young recruit attempted to copy, during his passing visits to museums and picture-galleries, carrying about his unfinished sketches in his knapsack. On the conclusion of peace in 1815, he again obtained a clerkship, and devoted his leisure hours to attendance at the local gymnasium, indifferent to the ridicule which attached to a young man of four-and-twenty, taking his place in the school-room by the side of boys of twelve and fourteen. After some years of unremitting application, the proceeds of a volume of poems, published by subscription, together with a small grant from government, enabled him to go through a two years' course at the University of Göttingen, at the conclusion

of which he ventured to submit to Germany's great poet his manuscript of a carefully prepared work, "*Beiträge zur Poesie*," with a request for an introduction to a publisher, should the composition be thought worthy of such a favor. He received a courteous and encouraging reply, and, impelled by an irresistible impulse to see the man whom he already considered his patron and benefactor, the poor student, on a hot summer's day in 1823, buckled on his knapsack and trudged on foot from Hanover to Weimar.

He thus describes their first interview:—

"Before long Goethe entered. He wore a blue overcoat and shoes; a noble figure! the impression was overwhelming, but he at once dispelled my embarrassment by his cordial words. We sat upon the sofa, I felt blissfully overcome by his presence and contact, and could hardly find words to address him.

"We sat together long in a calm and loving mood; I pressed his knee; I could not utter from gazing upon him—I could not see enough of him. . . . He spoke slowly and deliberately as one might imagine an aged monarch to speak. One sees at a glance that he reposes upon himself and is raised above praise and censure. I felt inexpressibly well while in his presence, and soothed as one might be who, after much trouble and long hoping, had at length seen his fondest wishes gratified. We parted from one another with love; I, happy in the highest degree, for good-will sounded in all his words, and I felt that he thought well of me."

Nor was it in words only that Goethe showed his consideration for the poor unknown student. With that innate delicacy which was one of the most marked traits of his generous nature, he found a plausible pretext for providing Eckerman with remunerative work in the revision of his unpublished writings; and in this employment, doubly congenial from the circumstance of its bringing him into almost daily contact with his idol, Eckerman continued at Weimar until Goethe's death in the spring of 1833.

Eckerman's character is one deserving of all respect. Thoroughly conscientious and earnest, with a deep reverence for art and a sincere love of nature, he was simple, truthful, and affectionate. We have seen how, under difficulties almost insuperable, the poor peasant boy had succeeded by force of will, energy, and self-denial, in so highly cultivating himself as to fit him for companionship with one of the greatest

minds of his age. The qualities necessary for fully understanding and reflecting such a mind he did not possess. The appreciative sentiment, which he had in a high degree, is rarely wanting in a literary executor, and is indeed too commonly a source of danger; but of the critical and discriminative faculty, than which no gift is more indispensable to a biographer, Eckerman was entirely devoid. His countrymen have called him the German Boswell; but beyond their reverential natures the two men had nothing in common. Johnson personally is perhaps better known to Englishmen than any man of his time, and this he owes far less to "The Rambler" or to "Rasselas" than to Boswell. He did enough to earn a lasting fame, but many a man whose knowledge of the great moralist's works does not extend beyond an occasional reference to the dictionary, is familiarly acquainted with Johnson's face, figure, and dress, his habits, his sayings and doings, and can picture him as he sits over a dish of tea in Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room, or lays down the law among congenial spirits at the "Mitre Tavern," or snubs the faithful Boswell in his study.

Eckerman's records call up no such image. He tells us, it is true, how Goethe was dressed on different occasions: in a black coat with a star, or a brown coat with a blue cap, or in a white flannel dressing-gown; but his words convey no impression of living individuality. He is a photographer rather than an artist. He produces faithfully enough the outlines of face and feature, with furrows and wrinkles; but we do not see the man as he walked and talked and looked. We never hear his voice or catch his smile. Of those delicate lights and shadows which give life to the canvas, those subtle artistic touches by means of which Lewes, without the advantage of personal intercourse, has produced so graphic and powerful a picture, there is not a trace in Eckerman.

Another remarkable characteristic of these conversations is the absence of wit and humor. It may be allowed that of the latter gift the Teutonic race has received but a very small share, and that even Goethe, though there is undoubted humor in some of his works,* shows but little of it in his familiar correspond-

ence; but who can deny the possession of wit to the author of "Faust" and the creator of Mephistopheles? If then, in conversations ranging over a period of nine years, and a great variety of subjects, we find hardly a spark of wit, we must either conclude that the poet had outlived this faculty, or that the matter-of-fact mind of his biographer was incapable of catching and reflecting its flashes, and that thus the salt of Goethe's dialogues was often lost in the process of filtering. Probability is much in favor of the latter hypothesis.*

Perhaps, too, there was a certain reserve between patron and *protégé* calculated to restrain the flow of light conversation. Boswell had a good deal to bear at the hands of his hero, but he had an advantage in his social superiority over the object of his intellectual worship. He never forgot, nor indeed did Johnson, that he was the Scotch laird, and this consciousness must have served to ward off the weight of the cudgel and to infuse into their intercourse an element of equality tending to produce a more unreserved tone than could exist under the social disparity between Eckerman and Goethe. His veneration for his idol was even deeper, perhaps, than that of Boswell, but in addition to his worship for "the Prince of Poets"† the son of the German peasant could not but feel awed in the presence of the *Herr Geheimrath von Goethe*. This feeling displays itself frequently throughout Eckerman's volumes, in which the title of Excellency crops up with wearisome iteration in discussions upon abstruse and learned subjects, and in philosophical speculations. If, then, in these conversations we are never shocked by coarseness such as Boswell was frequently exposed to, we miss in Goethe the heartiness of tone and the thoroughly human element which underlay the current of Johnson's conversations, even when they culminated in outbreaks of boorishness. Without for a moment agreeing with those who have denied to Goethe the possession of a heart,‡

* The few of Goethe's sayings as recorded by Eckerman which have any claim to be called witty are thoroughly French in their character; as—"If others ask me for good advice, I tell them I am willing to give it, but only on condition that they do not act upon it;" or his description of Weimar as a town, containing ten thousand poets and several inhabitants; or again when, being asked whether he had seen Mr. A. kiss Mrs. B., he replied, "I saw it but I don't believe it," recalling Madame de Stael's "*Je n'y crois pas, mais je le crois*," à propos of the devil.

† Goethe relates having received a letter from an English literary man, who in consequence of having seen him described in a German print as the Prince of Poets, addressed him as his Highness the Prince Goethe, Weimar."

‡ Even in his relations with women, which formed

* "Faust" has perhaps most of it; there is rich humor in the scene between Mephistopheles and Martha, broad humor in the Leipzig wine-vaults, quaint and grotesque humor in the witches' kitchen and the *Wald-jurgis-Nacht*. The vein that runs through "*Wilhelm Meister*" is of a more forced and less genial kind.

it may be allowed that his habit of self-suppression and undemonstrativeness, and that "diplomatic manner" of which even Schiller complained, produce a chilling effect and are apt to convey an erroneous impression of his true nature. "Sir, you are talking nonsense," is a form of speech which no provocation could have induced the courtly poet of Weimar to address to the humblest individual, but he could hit as hard with his tortoise-shell paper-knife as Johnson ever did with his cudgel, and poor Eckerman's knuckles did not escape these playful though by no means painless raps. Thus when, Eckerman having modestly remarked that a work of Schillings' had given him the clue to an abstruse passage in the second part of "Faust," Goethe "smilingly" answered, "I have always found that it is as well to know something," — a rejoinder which the biographer quotes with much complacency.

As a complete work, then, illustrative of Goethe in his old age, Eckerman's volumes are not to be commended. They fail to show us the man, and they give but dim impressions of the mind. The style is disfigured by diffusiveness and repetition, and here and there by unaccountable contradictions. Nevertheless, by a judicious process of winnowing, we may arrive at a fair estimate of Goethe's opinions upon a variety of topics, and there are, moreover, some passages which throw light upon his own many-sided character.

It is remarkable how frequently Goethe's conversations turned upon theatrical subjects; but it must be borne in mind that in those days the stage was looked upon as an instrument of instruction and culture as well as a means of entertainment. Goethe's long connection with the Weimar theatre, the direction of which he only relinquished in consequence of what he conceived to be its desecration by the introduction of a dog in one of the performances, had made him a complete master of the technicalities of the stage. No man held higher views of the dignity and utility of the drama, or of its influence upon popular taste; no one could have made more strenuous efforts to make the stage over which he presided as perfect as possible in all its details. The smallest part received his care and attention, but from

those who aspired to represent a great poet's highest creations Goethe exacts something beyond the professional qualifications of an actor. It was not enough that he should possess physical accomplishments, dignity of diction and bearing, refined taste, and the faculty of varying his individuality, or, as he expresses it, of passing out of his own life into that of another; in order truly to interpret the conception of the heroic he must have cultivated his mind by the study of the ancient classics, and of the best works in painting and sculpture, so as to have caught their spirit.

Goethe's marvellous energy and working power is illustrated by the many hours which, amidst his official, literary, scientific, and social occupations, he devoted to theatrical affairs — advising old actors, training young ones, reading the plays of unknown authors, superintending the production of pieces, and conducting the material and financial management of the stage, down to its most minute details.

In the following passage there is a moral which theatrical managers will do well to take to heart: "I had two dangers to guard against. One was my passionate love for talent, which tended sometimes to make me inclined to show partiality. You may guess at the other. There was no lack in our theatre of women, not only young and pretty, but of gentle culture. I felt myself passionately attracted by several of these; nor was there any fear of my advances not being met half-way; but I checked myself in time. I knew my position, and all that I owed to it; I stood there not as a private individual, but as the chief of an institution, the success of which was dearer to me than my own pleasures. Thus, by remaining firm and master of myself I remained master of my theatre, and never wanted the necessary respect, without which authority cannot be long upheld."

Looking upon the stage as a great popular educator, Goethe naturally attaches pre-eminent importance to dramatic literature. "A truly great dramatic poet," he says, "is capable of infusing the spirit of his works into the spirit of the actors. . . . There was an influence in Corneille calculated to form heroic souls, and therefore it was that Napoleon, who required heroic souls, said that if Corneille had lived in his time he would have made him a prince."

He assigned a very high place to French dramatic literature, and to the healthy influence it had exercised in its time upon

the main grounds of this charge, he cannot be called heartless. Goethe was deeply susceptible to female charms, and while under their influence full enough of heart. His powers of self-control, however, enabled him to subordinate love to propriety or self-interest, or such other purely personal considerations as pass in the world by the word duty.

the people. Of Molière he says: "I have known and loved him from boyhood, and have learnt from him through life. I never fail to read some of his works every year, in order to keep up my acquaintance with the admirable. It is not only the artistic treatment which delights me, but the genial, tender, well-cultivated mind of the poet. I know but a few fragments of Menander, but they give me so high an idea of him, that I consider the great Greek the only man that can be compared with Molière. . . . He is essentially a pure man — that is the only word that can describe him. There is nothing distorted or deformed about him; and then the grandeur with which he ruled the morals of his time, and chastised men by depicting them as they were!"

Like most Germans, Goethe was enthusiastic in his admiration of Shakespeare. He once resented a criticism, in which Tieck was placed upon a level with himself, and said: "It is as if I were to compare myself with Shakespeare, who is a being of a higher order, to whom I look up, and whom I must revere."

He did not deny that our great poet's plays frequently defied the laws of the stage, but he did not reproach Shakespeare for his unwillingness to subordinate his free genius to theatrical necessities. "Had he written for the court of Madrid or the theatres of Louis XIV., he would have been obliged to subject himself to their worst theatrical forms; but this is not to be regretted, for what we have lost in Shakespeare as a playwright he has gained as an universal poet. . . . He is altogether too rich and powerful; he serves us golden apples in silver bowls. By a study of his works we may obtain the bowls, but, alas! we have only potatoes to put into them." He accordingly resented the carping criticisms on Shakespeare, in which stress was laid upon disregard for the unities or apparent anachronisms. What does it matter, he asks, that Lady Macbeth says that she has "given suck to children," whereas Macduff declares that Macbeth never had children?

"Shakespeare did not look upon his pieces as being composed of so many letters of the alphabet, to be counted and compared with one another, but as representing a whole, and he need not trouble himself to explain contradictions and inconsistencies. It is a poor critic who goes minutely to work, tracing every stroke of the painter's brush or the poet's pen. A great work of art should be contemplated

and enjoyed in the same spirit in which it was conceived."

Goethe thought highly of the influence which Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors had exercised upon German literature, and also of the poets and humorists of the eighteenth century, foremost among whom he classed Goldsmith and Fielding. He was, however, if we may judge from these conversations, far more intimately acquainted with his English contemporaries than with our older poets.

Of Walter Scott he says: "He is a genius without an equal. . . . He gives me much to think of, and I recognize through him a new art, with laws of its own." Again, of "The Fair Maid of Perth," which, for lifelike action and faithfulness of detail, he compares to Teniers' pictures, "One just learns what English history is and means when such an inheritance falls to a great poet." In Scott's "Life of Napoleon" he sees an eloquent utterance of English popular opinion of their great enemy, which, in time to come, may afford useful materials for history, not of France but of England.

Of all English poets, however, it was Byron who appealed most powerfully to Goethe's sympathies: "Let the English say what they will, they have no poet to be compared with him. He differs from all others, and upon the whole is greater." Indeed, he goes so far as to declare that, but for his morbid feelings and spirit of contradiction and negation, he might have been as great as Shakespeare. He places him far above Tasso. "Byron is the flaming thornbush which lays the sacred cedar of Lebanon in ashes. The great Italian epic, which has maintained its reputation through centuries, is upset by one line of 'Don Juan.'" He regrets that Byron did not find a vent for his spirit of opposition in political debate, instead of making his writings the vehicle for these feelings, so that "much of his poetry may be described as Parliamentary speeches in verse." He utterly condemns his perverted moral views and his tendency to denial as destructive of poetic harmony. "The poet gains nothing by calling the evil bad, but infinitely much is lost by calling the good bad; it is not for him to destroy existing abuses, but it should be his aim to build up something at which humanity may rejoice."

He attributes many of Byron's defects to outward circumstances and position, and to the fact of his having been born to rank and fortune, both of which he con-

siders prejudicial to the development of genius. "Almost all great poets and artists have sprung from the middle classes."

These are a few of his remarks upon Byron:—

"Byron writes poetry as women produce beautiful children, without knowing how or asking why. He is only great while he poetizes; when he reasons he is lost."

"In the conception of the outward and in a clear penetration of past events, Byron is as great as Shakespeare; but in his pure individuality, Shakespeare is unapproachable. Byron felt this, and seldom speaks of him, though he knew his works by heart. He would gladly have disowned him, for Shakespeare's cheerful spirit stood in his way, and he could not make head against it."

"There is culture to be derived from Byron, even in his audacity and impertinence. We should beware of seeking it only in what is pure and moral. Everything that is great becomes cultivating, so soon as we become conscious of its greatness."

"In 'Marino Faliero' we are not conscious that the author is an Englishman. We live altogether in Venice, and in the period of the action: that is true art. . . . A French author never allows us to forget that he is writing from Paris."

"Evil tongues drove Byron out of England, and would have driven him out of Europe had not an early death snatched him from the malice of the Philistines."

Goethe did not, however, consider that literature had sustained a severe loss by the death of Byron, who had, in his opinion, exhausted his powers, and accomplished all it was given him to do.

Goethe made liberal allowance for plagiarism. "Walter Scott utilized a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so, since he treated it rationally. In the same way he drew upon my Mignon for a character in one of his novels. Byron's transformed devil is a continuation of my Mephistopheles, and that again is quite fair. My Mephistopheles sings one of Shakespeare's songs, and why should he not? Why should I take the trouble of writing a song when Shakespeare had said for me exactly what I wanted?"

Of Carlyle Goethe speaks in high praise as of the one Englishman who had thoroughly and conscientiously studied the literature of Germany, and placed it in its true light before his countrymen. "He is a moral power of much significance, and has a great future before him; it would

be difficult to foretell all that he may yet live to work and effect."

Burns is upheld as a true poet of the people, who has exercised a healthy influence over their minds, and gladdened their toilsome lives with genial and sympathetic song. Of another true poet of the people he says:—

"Béranger's is a happy gifted nature resting entirely upon itself—developed from out itself, ever in harmony with itself. His songs have, year in, year out, made millions of people happier, and what better can be said of any poet?"

In Victor Hugo's earlier works Goethe already discovered the germ of those literary vices which with advancing years have so sadly blemished his great genius; speaking of "Notre Dame" he says:—

"This is the most detestable book ever written. It is a contradiction without nature or truth. The so-called characters are not living men of flesh and blood, but wooden dolls, which go through their dances, grimaces, and contortions according to the effect the author wishes to produce. What an age is this, that not only makes such a work possible and brings it forth, but finds it endurable, and even edifying!" What would he have said of "*L'Homme qui Rit*," or "*L'Année Terrible*"?

When Byron smarted under an adverse criticism he roused all the powers of his ill-disciplined temper to revenge himself by a violent and indiscriminate onslaught upon the whole race of critics and authors. Goethe was far from being insensible to critical assaults, but his nature was singularly free from rancor, and though he found relief and satisfaction in preparing barbed shafts in his defence, the arrow was never allowed to leave its quiver. He tells Eckerman that he had a large collection of epigrams directed at different times of his life against his detractors, but that it was enough for him to have thrown them off and thus rid himself of his bile—they had never passed beyond the circle of a few intimate friends: "they did me good service, but why should I trouble the public with my private affairs, or injure still living persons by their publication?"

Of his own Werther he speaks with a half regretful pride, as a man might of a beloved child, the birth of which is a reproach to him, but whose existence vividly awakens in his sober after-life memories of youthful happiness such as can never come to him again.

"It is a creation which, like the pelican, I fed with my heart's blood; there is in it

so much of the very innermost of my own breast, so much of my own deepest emotions and thoughts, that it contains material for ten such volumes. Moreover, as I said before, *I have read the book but once*, and I shall take care not to read it again. . . . I should dread to live again through the pathological condition out of which it sprang."

Passing from literature, let us glance at Goethe's views upon two subjects in which he has been much misrepresented and misunderstood: politics and religion.

"I have been assailed in religion, science, and politics because I was never a hypocrite, and had the courage to utter what I thought. They would insist upon not seeing me as I am, and turned away from everything that was calculated to present me in a true light. Schiller, who, between ourselves, was far more of an aristocrat than myself, but who was more cautious in what he said, had the good fortune to be considered a particular friend of the people, while I was called a Conservative (*Freund des Bestehenden*). . . . It is true that I had been no friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near me, and shocked me day by day, while its beneficial results had not then become apparent; and because I condemned revolution I was called a Conservative. This is an ambiguous title which I must decline. If the existing order of things is all that is good and great, I have nothing to say against it, but as side by side with the good there are necessarily evil and injustice and imperfection, a friend of the existing order of things often means an advocate of the obsolete and the bad."

Though Goethe resented being called a Conservative, his ideas of good government are such as rank Toryism of a type now extinct would hardly have ventured to proclaim in England half a century ago.

"A man should follow the trade to which he was born,* and which he has learned, and hinder no other man from following his trade. Let the cobbler stick to his last; the peasant remain by the plough, and the prince learn to govern. . . . let the father look after his household—the mechanic attend to his customer—the parson preach mutual love, and don't let the police interfere with the amusements of the people."

But although Goethe thus advocates a

paternal government over a submissive and unambitious people, he is anything but an aristocrat, and makes even respect for the sovereign dependent upon personal qualities.

"For mere royalty, as such, and unless backed by a sturdy, manly nature, and sterling worth, I have but little respect; indeed, I feel so well in my own state, and so satisfied with myself, that I would never have thought it anything remarkable if I had been made a prince. When I received my patent of nobility, people considered that I was greatly elated by the honor done me; but, between ourselves, it was nothing to me—absolutely nothing. We Frankfort patricians used to consider ourselves on a par with the nobles, and when I held my patent in my hand it never occurred to me that it gave me anything that I had not possessed before."

To the charge frequently preferred against him of being a courtier, he replies:—

"Well, what of that! Do I serve a tyrant or a despot? one who gratifies his pleasures at the cost of his people? I have been intimately connected with the grand duke for half a century, and have striven and worked with him, and I should lie were I to assert that I could recall a single day on which the grand duke had not thought of doing something calculated to benefit his country or to ameliorate the condition of individuals. . . . If they will have it that I am a court-lackey, I have, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that I am the lackey of one who is himself but a servant of the common wealth."

His countrymen had reproached Goethe with his want of interest in political affairs and of his sympathy with Germany's arch-enemies, the French. Why had he not turned his poetical genius to account by writing war-songs, like Körner, to arouse patriotism?

"I write war-songs! No, that is not in my line; I write love-songs because I love, and how could I write songs of hatred without hating? Between ourselves I never did hate the French though I thanked God when we were rid of them. How should I, to whom the all-important question was culture or barbarism, hate a nation which is amongst the most cultivated on earth, and to which I owe so large a portion of my own culture? National hatred is a very peculiar thing. You may always find it most strong and rabid in the lowest grades of civilization, but there comes a stage in which it disappears,

* Under this state of things Goethe's father and himself would have been tailors by trade.

and when one stands, so to speak, above nationalities and feels the prosperity or misfortune of a neighboring people, as if it had befallen one's self. This stage of civilization was congenial to my nature, and I had attained it long before I was sixty years of age."

Again, in reply to the charge that he had not fought in the wars of liberation:—

"Why should I take up arms without hatred, and *how can a man hate without youth?* Had the emergency arisen when I was twenty, I should not have remained behind, but it found me in my sixtieth year. We cannot all serve our country in the same way; but each must do his best with what God has given him. I may assert that in those tasks which nature set me as my special work I have not rested night or day, and allowed myself little recreation, but have striven hard, and worked as well and as much as I could. It were well if all men could say the same."

Little as Goethe affected politics, and tolerant as he deemed himself towards all shades of opinion, he could not forgive extreme liberal views in old age, and is very hard on this score upon our Jeremy Bentham:—

"It is an interesting problem to me to see so sensible, moderate, and practical a man as Dumont, become the pupil of that fool Bentham, and again, a problem to meet with an old man (like Bentham) who can thus close the course of a long life, and become a radical in his old age. . . There is Sömmering just dead, having barely completed a miserable fifty-seven years! What lumps men are not to have the courage to hold out longer than that! I give all honor to my friend Bentham, that very radical fool, who is still hearty though some weeks older than I am. . ."

And on Eckerman suggesting another point of resemblance in the youthful activity of their old age:—

"True, but we work at the two extremes of a chain; Bentham is for destroying, and I am for preserving and constructing. To be so radical in his old age is the summit of folly."

On Eckerman hinting that if Goethe had been born in England he too would have been a reformer of abuses:—

"For what do you take me?" replied Goethe, assuming the tone and manner of his Mephistopheles. "I look after abuses? I expose and publish them? I, who in England could have made a living out of abuses! Born an Englishman, I should have been a rich duke, or, better still, a

bishop, with £30,000 a year. I should have all things have hung on to the thirty-nine articles, and defended them from all sides and in all directions, especially the ninth article, which would have been a subject of peculiar attention and tender interest to me. I should have so lied in prose and verse that the £30,000 a year could not have been withheld from me, and once I had attained that position I should have scrupled at nothing to keep it. Above all, I should have strained every nerve to make the darkness of ignorance, if possible, more dark. I should have cajoled the masses, and so trained the youthful mind that no one should see, or have the courage to proclaim, that my splendid position rested upon a basis of shameful abuses."

The allusion to the English Episcopal Bench recalled to Goethe's mind a visit he had once received from the Bishop of Derry.* "Lord Bristol passed through Jena, and having expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, urged me to pay him an evening visit. His lordship was pleased to be extremely rude, but, met with equal rudeness, he became tractable enough. In the course of our conversation, he attempted to preach me a sermon on my 'Werther,' and to lay it upon my conscience that I had justified suicide. "'Werther,'" he said, 'is an immoral and damnable book.' 'Stop,' I cried, 'if this is the way you speak of our poor "Werther," what have you to say to the great ones of the earth, who, by one stroke of the pen, send one hundred thousand men into the field, of whom eighty thousand kill one another, or incite to murder, arson, or pillage; while you thank God for such horrors, and sing a *Te Deum* over them? . . . And now you would call an author to account and condemn his work, because, misunderstood by a few narrow minds, it has freed the world from at most a dozen blockheads or good-for-nothings, who really could not have done better than blow out the feeble remnant of their little light."

Not content with thus turning the tables upon the bishop, Goethe proceeded to attack him on his own ground, accusing his Church of driving poor souls into mad-houses by threats of hell-torments, and of creating unbelief and infidelity by preaching absurd superstitions.

"This outbreak," he says, "had an excellent effect upon the bishop. He became

* Eckerman, who has a happy knack of misquoting names, calls him Bishop of Derby. He, in like manner, speaks of having read Milton's "*Simon*."

as mild as a lamb, and during the remainder of our interview conducted himself with the most perfect courtesy and the nicest tact."

Goethe's views of an united Germany, like those of many of his countrymen at the present time, do not accord with the recent Bismarckian accomplishment of national union. Fraternity among all German-speaking races, united action against a foreign enemy, an universal coinage and system of weights and measures, the abolition of internal customs, dues, and passports within the German states, with roads, canals, and railways, would, in Goethe's opinion, suffice, without the absorption of sovereign States, for all necessary conditions of German union; and he indicates the evil of "a great empire with a single great capital for the development of individual talent, and the general welfare of the masses, by the familiar illustration of the living body, of which the heart is the centre, and which can only supply the vital current to the other members within a certain radius. He attributes the diffusion of education in Germany to the equal distribution throughout all the states of scholastic institutions, emanating from the many different seats of government, and which would never have existed had Berlin and Vienna been the only capitals; and believes that the absorption of the smaller capitals in the sovereign empire, and their reduction to the rank of mere provincial towns, would seriously impair the national cultivation of learning, art, and science.

Half a century ago young Germany was passing through a somewhat peculiar moral phase. French oppression, and the heroic spirit of resistance it had aroused, were things of the past, and those political aspirations for a more enlightened system of government, and an extension of popular rights, which twenty years later swept like a torrent over all the country, had not then begun to occupy men's thoughts. The national mind, deprived of more active exercise, took refuge in a mysticism which found an outlet in a variety of unhealthy and morbid channels, and "*Schwärmerei*," with its attendant train of foolish affectations and false sentiment, infected literature and social life. Goethe was severe in his condemnation of this unnatural phase, and draws a contrast very flattering to us, between the rising generation of his own country and the young Englishmen,* of whom a consider-

able number at this time frequented Weimar for the purpose of education.

"While the Germans plague themselves with the solution of philosophical problems, the English, with their practical good sense, laugh at us and win the world. . . . If we could but give the Germans, after the manner of the English, less philosophy and more energy, less theory and more practice . . . You know that hardly a day passes that I do not receive a visit from some passing stranger, but if I were to say that the personal appearance of these learned young Germans gives me pleasure, I should not speak the truth. Short-sighted, pale, with sunken chest, young without youth — that is the picture that most of them present. And when I begin to converse with them, I find that all that others enjoy appears unmeaning and trivial to them; that they are wedded to their own ideas, and that nothing interests them except the problems of their own speculations. . . . All youthful feeling, all youthful enjoyment, seems to be driven out of them. . . .

"I know not whether it be owing to race, or soil, or education, but the fact remains, that the English appear to advantage over almost all others. We only see a few of them here, and those probably by no means the best, but what sturdy, handsome fellows they are! Young as they are, generally not more than seventeen when they arrive here, you never find them embarrassed or bashful; on the contrary, their manner and bearing in society is as full of confidence and as easy as if they were everywhere the masters, and the whole world belonged to them. As a German father of a family, to whom the peace of his own ones is dear, I always shudder when my daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of one of these islanders, for I foresee the tears that will be shed at his departure. They are dangerous young fellows, and that they are dangerous is their great merit. . . . It is not birth or wealth, but that they have the courage to be just what nature made them. The blessing of personal liberty, the consciousness of the English name, and the significance which attaches to it abroad, is extended even to children, so that in their families, as well as in schools, they are treated with greater consideration and enjoy a more happy and free development than we Germans do."

As the politicians accused Goethe of

readers of Lewes' "Life of Goethe" will remember the graphic picture of the great poet which he draws in his reminiscence of those early days.

* Our own Thackeray was among the number, and

want of patriotism, because his mind soared above the mists of party feeling and international jealousies, so theologians charged him with irreligion and unbelief because he denounced priestcraft in whatever form it appeared, and refused to sacrifice his right of judgment to the arbitrary dicta of rival Churches.

"I ever believed in God and nature, and in the victory of good over evil, but this was not enough for the pious souls. I must also believe that three are one, and that one is three, and this the truthfulness of my soul rebels against, nor do I see what possible help it would be to me."

Religious zeal is not apt to measure the terms of its denunciations, and it need not surprise us that one who, like Goethe, rejected alike the gloomy asceticism of Geneva, the superstitions of Rome, and the arrogant intolerance of the Anglican Church, should have been proclaimed a scoffer and an atheist. Against these sweeping charges the poet requires no apologist; they are answered in his works and in his life. Where shall we find a more noble and eloquent outburst of the spontaneous spirit of religion and reverence than in Faust's reply to Margaret's timid doubt of his belief in a God? And in those words Goethe had laid bare his own soul and proclaimed his own deep faith. Never was there a nature more thoroughly permeated by a love of God. He recognized Him in every object of surrounding nature, and he attributed to Him all great works that had ever been achieved by man; but he resented the presumption of the human mind when it attempted to gauge His greatness or to penetrate to the mystery of His being.

"I would as soon doubt in myself as in God; but the nature of God, immortality, the human soul and its connections with the body, must remain eternal problems in which the philosophers cannot advance us. How should we, with our limited conceptions, form an idea of God, or attempt to describe the Highest Being? . . . Were I, like a Turk, to call him by a hundred names, I should still, in comparison with his illimitable qualities, fall short and have said nothing."

Whatever approached most nearly to his ideal of the Godhead received his ungrudging reverence:—

"Ask me if it be in my nature to offer adoring worship to Christ, and I answer, Yes, thoroughly. I bow before him as to a divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality . . . but ask me if I am disposed to bow before the thumb-bone of

the apostles Peter and Paul, and I say, Excuse me, and keep away with your nonsense."

It was this determination to pay no homage to dead men's bones that made devout believers be angry with Goethe. He allowed no man to stand between him and his Creator, and he dwells upon the merits of the great religious reformers, not because they built a new creed, but because, by shaking off the spiritual fetters which the Church had imposed, they enabled man "to walk God's earth with firm tread, and to feel a God-endowed nature within him."

Here again are the reflections of this unbeliever:—

"At seventy-five years of age one cannot but think of death sometimes. The thought leaves me perfectly at peace, for I entertain a firm conviction that man's spirit is an essence of an indestructible nature, working on from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, that to human eyes appears to go down, but which does not go down, but shines on forever."

On the contending claims of philosophy and theology he says:—

"Religion is a mighty power, by means of which fallen and suffering mankind have in all times sustained and raised themselves, and in assigning to it such an influence, religion is exalted above philosophy, and requires no support from it. But on the other hand, philosophy requires no aid from religion in order to establish its doctrines, as for instance, the belief in eternal life. Man believes in immortality; he has a right to the belief, for it is in accord with his nature, and he may, if he will, rest this belief on religious teaching; but for a philosopher to attempt to argue the immortality of the soul from a legend, would be weak and come to nothing. My own conviction of a continuous existence springs from my consciousness of personal energy, for I work incessantly to the end. Nature is bound to assign to me another outward form of being as soon as my present one can no longer serve my spirit."

Scientist though Goethe was, he thus rebukes the arrogance of science:—

"To hear people talk, one would almost conclude that they thought God had gone into retirement since the olden time, and that man was now completely set upon his legs, and could get on without God and his daily invisible breath. Theology and nature still claim a divine providence, but science and art consider themselves to be purely earthly, and only the product of

human power. Let any one attempt, however, to produce anything by means only of the human will and human power that can be placed by the side of the creations of Mozart, Raphael, or Shakespeare!"

This brings us to Goethe's theory of *demoniacal possession*, not in its Scriptural but in the Socratic sense of *δαίμων*.* He contended that the world's great men were under the direct influence and guidance of a spirit directly emanating from God, and that through this power they were enabled to dominate their fellow-men, to overcome human obstacles, and thus to accomplish their appointed tasks on earth.

The heroic men of actions in all ages, according to this theory, owe their achievements to the help of this guardian spirit, the divine spark lent to weak humanity to effect great predetermined ends. Among his contemporaries, Goethe considers Napoleon to have been most powerfully inspired by the demoniac influence, to which his numerous successes are attributed — to the desertion of which, on the completion of his allotted task, his fall is due.

Of his own sovereign, he says: —

"The late grand duke (of Weimar), possessed it in so extraordinary a degree that no one could withstand him . . . All that I ever undertook upon his advice prospered with me, so that in cases in which I could not trust my own judgment I had only to consult him, and his intuitive answers always insured me a happy result. It is to be regretted that he could not utilize my own higher ideas and aspirations, for when the demoniac element deserted him and only the human power remained, he was incapable of initiation, and that was injurious to him. But so it is with all of us; we require to have our good genius to hold us in leading-strings, telling and urging us from day to day what to do, but it leaves us at last, and then we grope in the dark."

This capricious *δαίμων* was not, however, reserved for men of action only, but likewise inspired men of thought: —

"In poetry there is always something of the demoniac element, especially when it treats of the unknown and of subjects beyond the range of reason and intelligence. Among artists, it is more frequently found in musicians than in painters. In Paganini it displayed itself in the highest degree, and he was thus enabled to produce such wonderful effects."

* As implying a particle of the divine essence planted in chosen natures by God for the purpose of fulfilling his will upon earth.

Homer, Raphael, Shakespeare, Mozart, and Byron, are among those quoted as excelling under demoniac inspiration, and the personally attractive power which the last-named exercised, especially over women, is attributed to his *δαίμων*.

Many are the fantastic reflections and illustrations in which Goethe indulged in connection with this topic, and to which the good Eckerman listened with the most intense interest. On one occasion he ventured to hint that he could trace some of the demoniac power in Mephistopheles, but the poet hastened to assure him that he was mistaken, and that there was not one atom of it in Faust's sneering devil.

Goethe had also a strong belief in electric affinity, contending that there were forces in man which "like the magnet itself exercises an attractive or repelling power according as we come into contact with congenial or antagonistic objects."

Thus he is of opinion that if a girl were to be shut up in a dark room in which, without her knowledge, there was a man who intended to murder her, his unseen presence would produce an uneasy feeling and apprehension, which would drive her from the room; while the presence of a loved one under the same conditions would inevitably drive them into one another's arms. Indeed, he relates in full detail several instances of such magnetic attraction within his own experience, and dwells at length upon one case in his early life when, during a walk, he was so powerfully overcome by a mighty longing for a beloved maiden that the impulse magnetically communicated itself to her in her home, and she was driven from her room, and wandered about until by the power of magnetism they met face to face, when she said, "I felt so uneasy at home that I could sit still no longer, but was driven forth and obliged to come here."

It is, perhaps, possible, however, to explain such a phenomenon upon a less speculative theory.

Goethe was fond of recalling scenes in his early life, more especially those connected with his love-affairs and flirtations. There is something touching in an old man's reminiscences of youthful passion, something pathetic in the contemplation of age, when with calm heart and tearless eyes it gently surveys the ashes of dead loves and buried hopes. In looking through that long vista of years, imagination is apt to lend a fictitious coloring to events, to cast an unmerited shadow over some forms and an artificial halo of light around others. If we may judge of

Goethe's feelings by his works, his letters, and his actions at the time, there is nothing to distinguish his love for Lili from some half-dozen other loves before and after, and it was probably the enchantment lent by distance which painted her in roseate hues, and prompted Goethe half a century later to describe his relations with her in such passionate terms:—

"Again I see my charming Lili in the life, and feel the breath of her enrapturing presence. She was indeed the first whom I deeply and truly loved, (poor Frederica!) and I may say she was the last, (poor *Frau von Stein*!) for all the *little fancies* which touched me in after life were light and superficial when compared with that first love. Never was I so near my own happiness as in the days of my love for Lili; the obstacles which kept us apart were not in fact insuperable, and yet I lost her!"

Would he have lost her had his love in those days been what in his old age he pictured it? Would he not have overcome those not insuperable obstacles, more especially as he boasts that he had then a powerful ally in his *δαίμων*, "which ever accompanies passion, and finds its true elements in love"?

"In my relations with Lili it was peculiarly influential, and gave a new direction to my whole life. I do not exaggerate when I say that my coming to Weimar and my being here now, was the direct result of this influence;" from which we must infer that his *δαίμων* helped him to break off the connection rather than to win the object of his devotion.

Brilliant, universal as was Goethe's fame throughout the civilized world, he lamented that his works could never appeal to the sympathies of the masses in his own country:—

"My works can never become popular; he who thinks or hopes for that is in error. They are not written for the masses but for single individuals, who feel and seek something conceived in a similar spirit . . . What is there among all my songs that lives among the people? Now and then a pretty girl will sit down to the piano and sing one of them, but the people remains silent. With what feelings must I recall the time when I heard Italian fishermen singing passages from Tasso!"

"But we Germans are of yesterday. We have, it is true, been cultivating our minds for the last century; but another two centuries must pass before our countrymen shall possess that intellect and higher culture that will prompt them, like

the Greeks, to do homage to the beautiful, and so to be inspired by worthy song, that we may say of them 'It is long since they were barbarians.'"

To those who have followed his career, the life of Goethe would appear to have been an exceptionally happy one. Born to competence and comfort, endowed with a brilliant mind and a handsome person; blessed with unfailing health and high animal spirits, his progress through life was one long series of triumphs and successes. From early manhood, and all through his long life, he had enjoyed the love of women, the friendship of men, the deep homage of the world of intellect, the uncourted favor of sovereigns and princes. Never was there one who, in a greater degree, carried into the sere of life those blessings "which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Was he content?

"I have always been cited as one peculiarly favored by fortune, and I will not complain or find fault with the course of my life; but, in reality, it has been nothing but trouble and labor, and I can safely affirm that, in my seventy-five years, I have not had four weeks of enjoyment. It was the everlasting rolling of a stone which required constantly to be raised anew. My autobiography will show what I mean by this. There were too many demands upon my energy both from within and from without.

"My essential happiness lay in my poetic moods and workings, but how sadly were those disturbed and hindered by my external position! Had I kept aloof from public and business transactions, and lived more in solitude, I should have been happier and done more as a poet."

Happier, it may be, though there are few who would not envy him his share of happiness; greater as a poet, he could hardly have been, — so let us leave him in his glory.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE EASTERN POLAR BASIN.

THE following letter has been addressed to the president of the Royal Geographical Society by Herr Augustus Petermann, the eminent geographer of Gotha:—

SIR,—On three previous occasions I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject of Arctic exploration—the 9th of February and 3rd of March, 1865,

and 7th November, 1874.* I tried to second your endeavors for the further exploration of our globe and the enrichment of science, and have honestly endeavored to add my mite in these undertakings by getting up German and other exploring expeditions towards the north pole.

In those previous letters I strongly advocated the selection of the Spitzbergen seas (the whole wide ocean from east Greenland to Novaya Zemlya) as the best way to the north pole, and into the central Arctic regions, instead of Smith Sound. Nevertheless I rejoiced to see a new British expedition sent forth, by whatever route it was decided on to reach the north pole. Now that this expedition has safely returned to your shores, I crave permission to tender my sincere congratulations on all its achievements. I always held the Smith Sound route to be the most difficult of all; but since it was decided on that it should be tried by a new expedition, I felt assured that an English expedition would in every case be attended by most important results for geography and all scientific branches.

There has never been a more important scientific exploring undertaking than the "Challenger" expedition. It marks a new era in the survey of our globe, and the natural laws by which it is governed; and when the commander of that expedition was called to take the "Alert" and "Discovery" to the north pole, there was perfect certainty that it would be done in a thoroughly complete manner for the interests of science. It is this pure interest for scientific progress that cannot be too much commended, whereas formerly Arctic expeditions were sent out for lucre or gain, to find a north-west or north-east passage to the lands of gold, or spices, or other riches. Let not England grudge these noble undertakings, for, if we look around, it will be found that the English nation and the English government are the only ones in the world that have sent forth an expedition like that of the "Alert" and "Discovery."

I have tried to make myself acquainted with every Arctic and Antarctic voyage ever undertaken from the earliest to the most recent times, and it appears to me that there never was a more able and heroic expedition than that conducted by Sir George Nares. There have been many that were perhaps more foolhardy, and left one or more valuable ships behind

in the ice; but to conduct two vessels through that most dangerous ice-alley, and safely back again, has never been done before. The "Polaris," by particular good luck, got as far as 82° 11m. N. lat., but was never brought home again; Kane's and Hayes's vessels only reached 78° 40m. N. lat.

The commander of the "Challenger" expedition will certainly have brought back even from a region like that of the Palæocrystic Sea a collection of scientific work and observations that will ever be a credit and honor to England. If I may be allowed I would suggest the value of one of the results in particular. It is very seldom that an expedition like this, however successful and lucky, can be said to have finished a task or a subject; for generally new questions, new problems are created by its researches, that require fresh work. Sir George Nares's expedition, however, may be said to have *finished*, as it were, a great portion, say one-third of the Arctic regions, the scene of noble English exploits for a considerable time back. From Smith Sound to Bering Strait, the region of the Palæocrystic Sea, our knowledge is entirely due to British enterprise and perseverance.

Led on by Bylot, Baffin, John Ross, and Ingfield, the Americans have indeed also made noble and most persevering efforts of exploration from Smith Sound to Robeson Channel; and the names of Kane, Hayes, and Hall will remain among the foremost heroes of scientific enterprise; but many doubts remained, and many illusions were created, which had to be dispelled before it could be said that the Smith Sound region was finished.

If Sir George Nares's expedition had done nothing else than fully explode the pernicious views connected with Smith Sound it would be entitled to the greatest credit. The Smith Sound route had been artificially puffed up; exploration in that direction had attained a "power of habit," and the predilection for Smith Sound became contagious and an incubus on Arctic research.

Sent out to attain the pole by sledges, to be drawn by fine plucky seamen along a land of fiction, it required the greatest moral courage to return home sooner than expected, and with results diametrically opposed to the fallacious premisses, on which the whole plan of the expedition had been founded. Had Sir George Nares, instead of coming home this year, sailed round Cape Farewell, and tried the other side of Greenland — in the wake of Sir

* Proceedings of the R.G.S., ix., pp. 98, *et seq.*, 114, *et seq.*; vol. xix., pp. 173, *et seq.*

Edward Parry's yet unsurpassed brilliant summer trip of 1827, or Captain David Gray's thirty years' whaling along the shores of east Greenland—I am fully convinced he would have *finished* the north pole just as well as that terrific Palæocrystic Sea, or as when the equator, then so much feared by all the world, was first crossed by Diniz Dias, four hundred and thirty years ago. For I cannot but think that any one reading attentively Sir Edward Parry's narrative of 1827, and comparing it with the experience of the late expedition, will be assured that Sir George Nares in the wake of that great explorer, would have attained the pole. Sir Edward Parry with his sledge boats in the loose drift ice looked out for the biggest and most compact ice, whereas a steaming expedition would search for the water and lanes.

Ten years ago many of your first authorities, like Captain (now Admiral) Richards,* General Sabine, Sir Edward Belcher, Admiral Ommanney, Captain (now Admiral) Inglefield, Sir Roderick Murchison, and many others, were advocates for the route by the Spitzbergen seas, but somehow or other, they were gradually got over to the other side, to the Smith Sound route.

Had the expedition proceeded that way even this summer or autumn, and been successful in reaching the north pole, it would no doubt have been welcomed back by the British nation more heartily than it has been; but then there was the duty to fulfil and the instructions to follow.

The best and most correct and wisest measure, therefore, was to bring the vessels home safe and sound; and there they are now, fit for other service; and if your enlightened and liberal government remains true to the English way of doing things—in a complete way, and not by half measures—it is to be hoped that these vessels will once more be sent out by a more promising route.

There are six routes to the north pole :
1. by Smith Sound; 2. by Bering Strait;
3. by the east coast of Franz-Josef Land;
4. by the west coast of the same; 5. by Spitzbergen (in the wake of Sir E. Parry);
6. by east Greenland.

Smith Sound is finished, Bering Strait is to a certain extent the counterpart of it, and the destruction of the American whaling fleet to the north of it this year—a

mere repetition of former similar disasters—shows the power and character of that Palæocrystic Sea when a vessel is exposed to its tremendous fury.

After long and deliberate weighing of all the facts attained and all the observations hitherto made, I more than ever think, as I always did, all the four routes through the seas west and east of Spitzbergen decidedly preferable to the other two. The East Spitzbergen Sea is undoubtedly occupied by the Gulf Stream, or whatever it may be called, which prevents the polar ice getting further to the south in that wide sea than about 75° N. lat. on an average; whereas on the other, western, American side of the Atlantic, it has been known to drift to 36° N. lat., the latitude of Malta. Not a particle of ice has ever been known to reach the North Cape (71° N. lat.).

I still believe the great open sea of Middendorf, Wrangell, Anjou, and others, the Polynia of the Russians, extending from the Taimyr River in the west, to Cape Yakan in the east, about fourteen hundred nautical miles long in a direct line, to be in connection with the furthest ends of the Gulf Stream; but I do not consider the Gulf Stream—as it has been shown by actual observations to occupy the whole width of the ocean between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya—to be of any particular advantage for navigation to be pushed northward in that direction. All the Arctic and Antarctic ice seeks a constant exit towards the equator. In the Antarctic these ice-drifts are freely dispersed all round the pole, and all over the wide ocean up to 62°, 50°, 40°, and even 35° S. lat.; and nowhere has such a marked influx of a warm equatorial current been observed as the Gulf Stream in the northern hemisphere. Side by side the Polar Current and the Gulf Stream pursue their courses, and whereas the former brings the ice down as far as 35° N. lat., the Gulf Stream protects all Europe from the polar ice, and keeps it back to about 75° N. lat., a difference of about 40° of latitude. But between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya, in about 75° N. lat., the Gulf Stream is certainly charged with ice that comes down from the Siberian seas. It is evident that here, by the contact of two currents meeting each other, one of them charged with ice, the latter must get packed and heaped up; and thus it was that the "Tegetthoff" of the Austrian Expedition, that was to force its way there, got into the grip of the ice, and was never again liberated. The Gulf Stream therefore produces in that

* "He had read Dr. Petermann's papers very attentively, and had never seen any views more clearly expressed, or defended by arguments more logical and convincing." (See "Proceedings of the R.C.S.", vol. ix., p. 124.)

part of the Arctic regions a kind of ice barrier.

The "Tegetthoff" was a small, weak steamer of only two hundred and twenty tons, and was caught in the strong current near Cape Nassau. It was a most unfortunate season, all the ice drifting towards that shore; whereas the same seas had again and again been freely navigated every succeeding year by many Norwegian fishermen in frail sailing vessels of only thirty tons. I am fully convinced that a vessel like the "Alert" or "Discovery" could every year penetrate somewhere between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya far to the north. It has also been frequently shown these last years by many Norwegians, and Mr. Leigh Smith, that all the shores of eastern Spitzbergen can be easily attained.

Lieutenant Weyprecht, who conducted the Austrian Expedition — Lieutenant Julius Payer only having the charge of the sledging — deliberately states his opinion in contradiction to Payer — "that he considers the route through the Siberian seas as far as Bering Strait as practicable as before, and would readily take the command of another expedition in the same direction." And the famous Swedish Professor Nordenskjöld, than whom no one better knows the Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya seas, writes to me from Stockholm, November 29, that in the year 1878 he will again go out at the head of a new Swedish expedition that is to penetrate through the whole of the Siberian seas as far as Bering Strait, he having two years in succession penetrated through seas formerly considered impenetrable, as far as the great Siberian rivers Obi and Yenissei.

Further north, at 80° and beyond, Franz-Josef Land is encountered, and here two ways offer themselves, the western and the eastern shores of it. The latter are no doubt beset by the drift-ice of the Siberian seas, which has but little room to escape by the south, consequently this coast would probably not be favorable as a basis for proceeding northward. But the opposite, the western shores, recommend themselves in that respect.

The fifth route — direct north of Spitzbergen, in the wake of Sir Edward Parry's journey in 1827 — has never been properly tried with an efficient steamer, and it appears to me that it could just as well be navigated as the Antarctic sea with its gigantic ice-masses by that most successful expedition of Sir James Clarke Ross in

1840-3, who moreover had not the aid of steam, but only "dull sailing" vessels.

However, there is, of course, not the line of land to hold on, and therefore east Greenland seems of all six routes to the north pole the most advantageous. It is there that the Arctic ice freely drifts away all through the summer, and also all through the winter, as has been shown by the crew of the sailing vessel "Hansa." Thus the central area of the polar regions is more or less cleared of its ice, and could, I am fully convinced, by an expedition like that of Sir George Nares, be navigated, the pole attained, and the whole regions, as far as Bering Strait, explored. This view is corroborated by the long experience of Captain David Gray, of Peterhead, who knows more about the seas of east Greenland than any other person living.

As far as Newfoundland and 36° N. lat. there is a permanent ice-drift all down Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, and from Smith Sound, a distance of about twenty-six hundred nautical miles. Within this long line the ice does not necessarily increase towards the north, and hence there is what is well known to the whalers under the name of "north water" at the furthest northern end of this twenty-six hundred miles long ice-stream, as well as the mild climate and open water that are known to exist in Port Foulke and its neighborhood all the year round. In like manner open water may, and probably will, be found under the very pole, after having navigated the ice-stream of east Greenland in the same way as Baffin Bay is navigated by whalers and exploring expeditions. And the more ice is drifted down, the more open sea will be left behind in summer and autumn, when frost cannot form new ice. Baffin Bay, on the whole, can receive but comparatively little of the Palæocrystic ice through the narrow channels of Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound, and Smith Sound. The East Greenland Current is the only one capable of clearing the central Arctic regions of its ice-masses, and hence it will also best lead navigators to the open polar sea in its rear.

It is there that an expedition has the best chance of getting into the central Arctic regions and to the north pole. It is there that I directed our two German expeditions to, and although the first only consisted of a little Norwegian sailing sloop of sixty tons, and the second of a clumsy steamer of one hundred and forty-three tons, and an unfortunate sailing ves-

sel of two hundred and forty-two tons, they were as fairly successful as could be expected under the circumstances of an undertaking so entirely new to us Germans. Koldewey did not try properly to push northward; the little engine was out of order, and he limited himself to the paltry distance of only twenty nautical miles.

I still think that an efficient expedition like that of Sir George Nares could probably by this route finish the north pole in one season, or in two or three months during the summer or autumn. 80° N. lat. near Spitzbergen is attainable every year by mere open fishing-boats. I am convinced Sir George Nares, after what he has done up to 82° 27m. N. lat. at the Palæocrystic Sea, would steam right away to the pole on the east Greenland route.

It may even be that the coasts of east Greenland and Franz-Josef Land may towards the north pole approach each other in a width something like those of Baffin Bay, so that an expedition proceeding to the pole that way may perhaps have two shores to hold on, and also to discover.

As regards the extension of Greenland towards the pole, and as far as Cape Yakan, north of Bering Strait, as a long stretch of land or island, this theory of mine is intimately connected with the view I have always held of the central Arctic regions, at least for thirty years back. It is this: I consider the central Arctic area to be divided into two nearly equal halves, the one extending from the shores of east Greenland in about 20° W. long., over Baffin Bay, Parry Island, to Point Barrow, Bering Strait, and Cape Yakan in about 176° E. long.; the other half thence all along the Siberian coast, over Franz-Josef Land, Spitzbergen to east Greenland. These two regions are essentially different in every respect, topographically, physically, thermometrically, hydrographically. The former may be called the western, the latter the eastern half of the Arctic regions. In the western half the land prevails, in the eastern the sea. The western half is mostly landlocked and icebound, the eastern has a wide open outlet. The Palæocrystic Sea in particular has in every respect the character of being landlocked, and productive of ice accumulation and great cold. Its ice masses can neither fully escape through Berring Strait, Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound nor Smith Sound, all these openings being much too narrow for the exit of the Palæocrystic ice. But if to the north

of it there was no barrier of land, it would drift away by eastern Greenland.

The Polynia of the Russians extends from the Taimyr River to Cape Yakan, some eighty-five degrees of longitude, or at least fourteen hundred nautical miles in length. It is not a waterhole, as has often been asserted, but an extensive open sea, of which we know as yet very little, but this little with sufficient certainty, that this open sea has always been found at the same place. There is no such thing anywhere all along the Palæocrystic Sea. The only feature of the western half at all resembling it on a very small scale is the very thin and narrow warm current running from the Atlantic up the western coast of Greenland past Melville Bay as far as Port Foulke, keeping this bay open all the winter, producing rich vegetation and animal life, and a prolific seal and walrus fishery, not very far from that terrific Palæocrystic Sea. This is also a long line of warm current and open or navigable water, but the Siberian Polynia seems of much greater dimensions in every respect.

The eastern half of the Arctic regions — the Polar Basin, as it may be called — is entirely different from the western half in every respect. It has a wide opening on the Atlantic side, and is swept by the mighty polar current summer and winter, liberating it of its ice masses, and hence Palæocrystic ice, like that found by Sir George Nares's expedition, is entirely unknown there. It is also swept by the immense masses of warm water that come down all the great Siberian rivers from the hot plains of western central Asia.

Of the temperature of this Polar Basin, it is sufficient to mention the observations made by the Swedish expedition on the north coast of Spitzbergen in 80° N. lat., in 1872-3. The mean monthly temperature of January was as high as 14.2° Fahr., the mean of the three winter months, December, January, February, 3.7° Fahr., and the absolute greatest cold observed only -36.8° Fahr. The whole region between east Greenland and Novaya Zemlya is by far the warmest part of all the Arctic and Antarctic zones. This is shown more clearly than ever by the new isothermal lines I have constructed from all the most recent observations.

It needs a barrier of land or islands extending from Greenland all the way to Kellett Land and Wrangell Coast opposite Cape Yakan, to explain these very remarkable features; for the currents of the sea alone are not sufficient to account for them,

as in the North Atlantic. For the furthest offshoots of the Gulf Stream up the west coast of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya get charged with floating ice-masses beyond 80° N. lat., or even 75°.

All these facts, features, and theories I have carefully drawn out on maps and published long ago.*

Whether Greenland extends all along to Bering Strait remains of course a theory that has to be proved or disproved by actual exploration, but all expeditions yet sent out have, every one of them, been forced to show the correctness of it thus far. Admiral Ingfield, in 1852, came home cutting off Greenland at about 79½° N. lat., and convinced that he might have sailed in the little "Isabel" from Smith Sound all the way to Bering Strait. Admiral Ingfield, and many other members of your society still living, will remember the discussion of the 22nd of November, 1852, when I strongly objected to these surmises on various grounds, particularly on that of the distribution of temperature, and the almost entire absence of driftwood, which on all the coasts swept by the Siberian and east Greenland currents is found everywhere in immense quantities.†

Kane's expedition, in 1853-55, was forced to extend Greenland to Cape Independence in 80° 35m. N. lat., but there it was again cut off at the time, and an open sea of fiction, on Morton's testimony, carried right away to Spitzbergen and Siberia.

Hayes's expedition in, 1861, found this open sea choked full of ice, and Hall's expedition, in 1871, was forced to fill it up with solid land, stretching from Cape Independence to Beaumont's Cape Bryant, in about 82° 24m. N. lat., probably Cape Sherman of the Americans, thus adding other two degrees of latitude to my land.

Captain Beaumont saw Greenland still further, to 82° 54m. N. lat., and there is not one reason why it should stop there and trend southward towards Cape Bismarck, simply because he could see no further in misty weather. If Greenland ended in 82° 54m. N. lat., the Palæocrystic ice would, with the prevailing westerly winds, have freely drifted away to the east.

The very little driftwood found all the

way from Smith Sound to the Palæocrystic Sea seems to be all of American and not Siberian origin.

Traces of Eskimos in Robeson Channel have only been found as far as 81° 52m. N. lat., consequently those of eastern Greenland could not have come round Cape Britannia, but must have come down from Asia along the shores of that extension of Greenland, which I always maintained. It is well known in the southernmost parts of Greenland, that far away on the east coast of Greenland a heathen tribe of Eskimo lives, of which now and then stragglers arrive at the German missionary station of Friedrichsthal, but always go away back again, because they find climate and human existence to be preferable on the east coast.*

It is not at all unlikely that Eskimos will yet be found right under the north pole, or on some land near it.

It is gratifying to note that Arctic research, so vigorously pursued these last ten years, is earnestly being proceeded with. Already a Swedish and a Dutch expedition are decided on, as I am informed by direct communication from Sweden and Holland. The scheme of Lieutenant Weyprecht, to establish eight observatories in the Arctic regions, is also under consideration; I fear, however, that it has not much chance of realization, because there is as yet not interest enough among nations to make it an international undertaking like the expeditions for observing the transit of Venus. To do it well would at least involve ten different expeditions. From what I have been able to ascertain the interest hitherto shown comes to this: those that are eager to embark in fresh Arctic work do not want to limit themselves merely to the establishment of a station for making meteorological, magnetical, etc., observations, but want to follow up geographical discovery generally; and those who pretend to be favorable to the scheme do nothing whatever, but limit themselves to empty phrases. The German Imperial Commission, instituted to investigate and report upon the subject of Arctic research, have made a report to the Prussian government, and there it rests, without any hope as yet of its being taken up. As far as I can learn from Berlin, the government has as yet no interest in the matter; and the fact certainly is, that all that has been done in Germany and Austria in Arctic

* See, for example, my maps of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, with the currents of the ocean, drift-ice and pack-ice, Greenland to Bering Strait, etc., etc., in my "*Geographische Mittheilungen*" for 1866, Tafel 5.

† *Athenæum*, 11th December, 1852, p. 1359.

* "*Calwer Missionsblatt*," 1869, p. 44; 1871, p. 21, et seq. Petermann's "*Geogr. Mitth.*," 1871, p. 224.

research these last ten years has been done by private exertions and not by the governments.

It further appears to me that a great mass of good observations of all kinds and most valuable material exist that have not yet been fully—in many cases not at all—worked out connectedly; and also that the millions of meteorological and other observations already made in various parts of the Arctic regions are not valueless, because they have not been made simultaneously, as Weyprecht wishes. On the contrary, the fault appears to be rather that they are not as much made use of as might be; despite their being derived from different years, they appear to me of as much value as could be wished, for general purposes.

There are but few persons devoting themselves to the working out of a mass of single observations in any branch of science, and it takes those few that devote themselves to such a task too much time. Thus it took, for example, Middendorf no less than thirty-three years to work out in biological respects, in relation to the whole circumpolar region, the observations he had made in his comparatively little journey to the Taimyr River in 1843.

One of the important points to settle in all future research is, whether the Eastern Polar Basin can be navigated and explored and the north pole reached. As yet the only attempts and inroads made in that respect worth speaking of are Sir Edward Parry's little summer trip from Ross Island to 82° 45m. N. lat. and back, 23d June to 12th August, 1827; and Lieutenant Payer's little tour in Franz-Josef Land to 82° 5m. N. lat., 26th March to 23d April, 1874. The Swedish attempt, reaching 81° 42m. N. lat. on the 19th September, 1868, was made in a very insufficient, small, and weak mail steamer, and cannot count for anything; it only found very thin ice of one year's formation, just the very reverse of Palæocrystic ice, as is best seen from the plate of the Swedish work.

It has been truly said—"It might be done; and England ought to do it."

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your very obedient, humble servant,

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN,

*Honorary Corresponding Member and Gold Medallist
of the Royal Geographical Society.*

GOTHÄ, December 8, 1876.

From Fraser's Magazine.
MARIUCCIA.

THESE pages contain a faithful delineation of some types of nature widely differing from any to which we are accustomed in our own more sober and prosaic race, and an attempt has been made to convey literally into English the forms of Italian peasant speech.

"Give heed to me, Marco my son! give heed to me! Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter is NOT FOR THEE!"

"Give heed to me, my mother! Give heed to me! Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter shall be for me in spite of thee and God the Eternal!"

After this fashion closed a bitter altercation between Marco Donati and his widowed mother, familiarly known in their own native Apennine valley as L'Assunta, or still more commonly as *la ciuccia*, or the donkey-wife.

Like most of his race when enraged or thwarted, Marco had spoken not only with an air of vindictive resentment and defiance, but, to a calm spectator, the excitement expressed in every line of his handsome face would have seemed to border on frenzy.

With an abrupt and jerky gesticulation of the hand he turned to go. Then suddenly, as if to clutch with new force and meaning his words, he caught up fiercely one of the huge apples his mother was sorting into heaps and mounds, and, with a grimace of inexpressible rage, sent it whistling across her stooping head to the opposite side of the small and stifling chamber, in which from sunrise that morning she had unremittently toiled.

Having enjoyed a *sfogo* in this heroic manner, Marco, without a word, departed.

"Go! go! thou accursed toad!" ejaculated his mother in a stifled tone of rage, adding, with a glance of inflexible determination, "But, my little son, Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter is *not for thee!*"

Her limbs shook and her voice quivered with wrath, but she lost not a moment of time. With incredible rapidity she continued to select and manipulate her ruddy fruit.

At length, when she fairly beheld the small and sinewy form of her son recede along the obscure, vault-like passage which led from the entrance of the house to the close den in which she was working, she gave a full vent to the bitterness which the recent recrimination had so powerfully aroused.

"Accursed toad!" she again repeated, addressing in fancy her defiant son. "*Già, già!* aye, aye! Bring me here for a daughter-in-law that peasant pauper, and, as true as the Mother of God in Paradise, the welcome she shall have from me is my clog on her beggarly muzzle! *Ouf!* is that rag of a peasant that carries on her brazen back all the dower she will ever own, a match for my son Marco? Is she to come and play the lady here? No, no, my little daughter, there are other birds in the snares for my son Marco! A wife he shall wed and a dower to boot! And you, my fine little Mariuccia, go, go! Take your fill of *polenta* both summer and winter,* till you fall in with some other Christ in Maremma!† Oh, Madonna of the Black Mountain! are men not all alike? Is Marco not a perfidious pig? And his father (holy soul!), was he not an accursed thunderbolt? Did he not stretch us on the cross both day and night? Bad, bad! even as Protestant heretics! Ah, Blessed Mother of the Poor! The devil has ever owed a spite to me! It is my destiny. In holy truth, I would need the patience of all the souls in Paradise, and I have it not! *Ouf!* I sweat! I tremble!"

At this tragical climax, the sorely-tried donkey-wife ceased for a moment her absorbing work, and rising to her feet, she convulsively mopped her dripping temples with the gaudy *pezzuola*, or kerchief, which, previous to this emergency, had brilliantly adorned her much-afflicted and grizzled head.

Hardly, however, had the operation been completed than a shrill and shrieking female voice summoned Assunta by name from without.

"Ho, Assunta! Ho, the donkey-wife! Behold me! It is I! I am here! Casimirra the charcoal-wife! Oh hasten for the love of the souls in pain, for this accursed load squashes my brain as flat as a fritter! Oh Assunta, my daughter! what a slug you are! what a tortoise! Do you take me, forsooth, for one of your own blessed donkeys, that you leave me here to fry in this accursed sun? *Ouf!* what flames! What a furnace! What beasts of burthen they make of us poor women! Holy patience! I melt away! I bake! I blister! Accursed be the devil, she comes not!"

"Oh, may you die of a fit, you ugly witch," was the involuntary greeting with

which Assunta inwardly responded to the stunning chatter of her unwelcome neighbor.

In truth the bitter emotions of the morning had quite unfitted her for the customary gossip and clamorous wrangling which invariably attended the most trivial transactions of her daily life.

Nevertheless she hurried along the dark passage, readjusting on the way her inseparable head-gear, and, on emerging from the porchlike entrance, she hastened to relieve the loquacious Casimirra of the huge burthen of charcoal which was balanced with inimitable skill on the crown of her head. Assunta proffered the customary courteous salutation of "A happy day to you, my Casimirra." But in every puckered seam and wrinkle of her deeply-tanned old face there was plainly legible the severe vexation she had so recently experienced.

"A happy day to you, my Assunta, my little donkey-wife!" returned Casimirra, with a smile quite as forced and a substratum of temper quite as fiery as that of her neighbor Assunta. "Oh, in truth, my daughter," she proceeded glibly, "yours has been even as the hand of God on my brow. *Ouf!* I am in flames like a soul in pain! What a sun! In truth a day of malediction! Do you think it little, my Assunta, to send a Christian down from that accursed mountain of the witches with a *world* on the crown of one's head such a midday as this? Through the grace of God alone have I not burst like a singing *cicala*. And you know, my good daughter, when my load is for you, I make it heavy, heavy even as the malediction of God. *Per Bacco!* my Assunta—the *measure, I have it not!* It has remained in the accursed mountains behind me. Oh, what a head is mine! In truth no better than an empty pumpkin. But it matters not, my Assunta, not one dried fig does it matter. The measure is just. What do I say, beast that I am? It is brimfull—it overflows. Did I not weigh it for my little Assunta?"

Assunta, wholly unmoved by Casimirra's familiar and ingenious stratagems, proposed on the spot, with a resolute air, that her own measure should be substituted for the missing one, and that the contents of the sack should be forthwith formally estimated in their united presence.

"As my donkey-wife wills," replied Casimirra, with an assumption of meekness strangely at variance with the angry fire which gleamed in her genuinely thievish eye.

* Only the poorest of the peasantry use *polenta* in summer.

† An unlooked-for good fortune.

The proffered measure was, however, indignantly spurned on the plea of its being more than double the regulation size.

Consequently a variety of preliminary observations of a strongly hostile tendency ensued, and finally the customary bitter affray broke out in earnest by Assunta incautiously observing, "Ah, go fry yourself, you ugly witch! Do you think you will impose on me?"

"Oh most holy mother! What discourses! What people!" vociferated the charcoal-wife, uttering a snort of defiance and rage. "Oh, what interest have I in wronging you, my daughter? When I swear to you on my mother's ashes that your measure is double the lawful size, oh, why should I be sacrificed? No; rather than use it, I vow two tapers to the Madonna of the Seven Griefs. I'll carry back every ounce of that accursed load on the crown of my head. May Heaven thunder-strike me if I say not true! May this hand wither and dry if I touch your measure this holy day."

"Now, my brave Casimirra, hear me well," broke in Assunta, with an enforced and short-lived semblance of composure; "now, will you wager with me a *scudo* that my measure is not just and fair as the hand of God, and that your sack has one half of the right and lawful weight? Now, will you take the holy wager, oh Casimirra—say?"

"Oh most accursed day that I took this order!" shrieked Casimirra at the shrillest pitch of her voice, ignoring with her native acuteness Assunta's challenge. "Oh, better had I driven a knife into my own throat than come down here this day of ill-luck to be mortified and maltreated. May the plague of plagues smite this accursed house and the evil race of witches that owns it. Oh, let me begone! Rather than leave one twig of my charcoal in this bewitched and unlucky sty, may I be blinded by a thunder-bolt as I stand. May I die of a fit like a dog without priest or pardon!" And here Casimirra with wild and vindictive gestures fell on her knees, and began to thrust back, with her own sun-blistered claws, the charcoal which was lying about on the ground before her.

Assunta, in the mean while, not desiring that such an heroic remedy should be applied to the case in hand, observed pacifically, "Oh,—gently! gently! you simpleton of a charcoal-wife. Brava! my daughter, you will in truth enjoy your jaunt *up* the mountain-side! Ah, Casimirra! Casimirra! it's an ugly act to *cheat*, my

daughter. But bear well in mind the devil's flour all turns to bran. But hear me now in holy peace. With the hand of God let us measure now the charcoal, and if by miracle we find it short some ounces, then you, my daughter, shall have some *soldi* less. Now say, my little Casimirra, do I content you so?"

The compromise found favor in the eyes of both, and the vociferous quarrel subsided as suddenly as it had originated.

Casimirra besought Assunta to refresh her throat with a draught of water, remarking quite humanely, "In truth my throat is dry! Enough! What will you have? We are six sisters-in-law at home, and every soul of us has the accursed vice of shouting *ad alta voce* when our blood is hot. Have patience and compassion, my donkey-wife. Excuse the disturbance I have caused you! A thousand salutations to the handsome youth your son. *Addio*, oh Assunta! a happy evening to you, good little wife!"

Notwithstanding this courteous and friendly termination of their interview, Assunta hastily muttered at intervals during the course of that luckless day, "Go! go! you ugly thief!" And Casimirra, as she toiled and panted along the steep and perilous ascent which led to her mountain hut, more than once ejaculated, "*Ouf*, the lying cow!" But not a trace of any deeper sense of offence remained in either of their shallow minds. Both women, although barely numbering their fortieth year, belonged nevertheless to the genus *crone*. Their skin was thick and puckered like parchment, and the original fine brown hue of their youth had deepened with time into the coarse darkness of mahogany.

Their large gleaming eyes retained, however, all the life and fire of their early days, and in their lean and wiry forms, and their wonderful physical endurance under the heaviest toil, there was no decay visible, corresponding to that aged look which had so prematurely marked their withered features. Nor were they exceptions amongst their neighbors. Exposure to the tanning process of a southern sun playing freely on naked necks, arms, and feet in youth, and on hands and face through life, invariably produces this appearance of age amongst the women of the people even in early middle life.

Most of the inhabitants of the lovely little Apennine valley of Pian del Monte could boast like Assunta of descent from a long line of hardy, thrifty mountaineers, all of whom had for ages been free pro-

prietors of a small portion of their native soil. They were a thriving, frugal race, invigorated by their simple life of labor, and by their unrivalled mountain climate.

Assunta herself was mistress of a small freehold property, including garden, house, and field, and she possessed besides three invaluable donkeys (hence her professional name of *la ciucaia*). Being a shrewd and speculative mountaineer, she had long driven a prosperous trade in charcoal, and supplied with that commodity more than one neighboring village.

As a matter of course the inheritor of all this rural wealth would one day be her only son, Marco. Can it be wondered at if the opulent donkey-wife had set her heart on his wedding a wife and a dower to boot?

The mother and son had a love for each other after a fashion; there existed considerable similarity of nature and temper between the pair, and this fact seriously impeded their chances of agreement. When roused or thwarted by opposition they were both mulish in their obstinacy, but if only left free to follow their own varying moods they were fickle and whimsical to a degree. Honest to the letter they were, but it was the single moral quality of which they had even a notion. Like most of their race they enjoyed vigorous natural intelligence, which was, however, rarely called forth by higher interests than by lying slander, loose gossip, and keen financial squabbings.

They were both, when roused, of ungovernable temper, and capable of much vindictive passion; but, when unmoved by any leading spring or strong interest, they were mild and unoffending — at all times mad for shows and *festas*, and childlike in their love of trivial idle chatter.

The mother's master passion was *greed and gain*; the son's leading spring was *love or hate*.

The evening of that contentious autumn day was one of serene enchantment. The familiar beauty of the mountain valley assumed strange forms of loveliness in the radiance of the sunset hour. Clouds flecked with gold and purple blended into a soft radiant haze, which seemed to clothe the great mountain forms; and when the sun had set amidst a glory of rose and violet, there spread along the west a clear citron light which diffused a more sober charm across the scene, and brought repose to the gazer's vision.

Nor was the fairness of the earth less perfect. The chestnut woods were ripening: the beech-grove tints were crimson-

ing; and from a higher mountain range the pine plantations spread their pungent healthful fragrance. Cool mountain springs crossed the valleys, and rare Alpine plants and flowers filled the air with subtle charm. Around the flowers all day long gorgeous flashing creatures had hummed and fluttered; dragon-flies with blood-red wing and trunk of burnished bronze, and butterflies bright as Mediterranean blue skimmed the air, and poised on peach-leaved campanula, Alpine aster, and twining dwarf clematis.

From amidst the thickest chestnut shades, at about two miles' distance from his native village, Marco Donati suddenly emerged, blind as a bat to all the glories of earth and heaven, and, hastily wending his way along a level woodland path, at the end of some minutes he abruptly struck up a steep mountain track, which led almost perpendicularly to a small clump of huts, perched like an Alpine eyrie in an overhanging niche of the mountain-side, and bearing the appropriate title of the Devil's Crown. The evening was still at full glow, as Marco advanced with a rapid stride. His face was resolute and defiant as when he had departed that afternoon from his mother's presence, and in fact the bitter scene of the morning had only precipitated the crisis so much dreaded by the prudent Assunta.

Marco was hastening as fast as he could stride to pour forth his love into Mariuccia's ear, and to secure for life to himself her faith and affection. His thoughts were neither complex nor contending. It never in his life had crossed his mind to weigh an action or to control an impulse, and in this special crisis his imperious, unreasoning nature seemed a perfect torrent of vehement wild sensation, which carried him along as blind and irrational as a whirling moat in one of his own mountain streams.

His passion for Mariuccia had passed through few stages of expansion, and had needed but a brief period to reach its present intensity. Mariuccia presented an overpowering attraction to his impetuous senses, and he felt for her that southern passion which consists more of ungovernable desire than of any truer sentiment of love, and which so often quickly wanes and dies, or changes with inconceivable rapidity into the bitterness of hatred or the craving of revenge. Of Mariuccia's favor, Marco had but slight proof. In the daily avocations of their limited valley life, the pair frequently crossed each other's path; but Mariuccia had returned with

prudent coolness his eager greetings, and had left unanswered his meaning glances.

No later than a week before they had met at a neighboring village *festa*. They exchanged no words beyond the barest friendly greeting; but beneath the rustic porch of the festal church they stood side by side a moment. Marco stretched forth his hand and offered her a slender branch of Alpine aster; the girl received the gift with almost tame composure, yet an artless joy, beyond the power of dissembling, gleamed in her sweet and splendid eyes, and sent a thrill of transport to Marco's heart.

On the evening in question Marco quitted the direct path which led to Mariuccia's dwelling, and passed along at the rear of the nest of huts which formed the Devil's Crown.

By this precaution he avoided much unwelcome neighborly greeting, and on emerging some paces higher from amidst the beech-trees he paused to pant, and suddenly started.

From behind a rude trailing tangle of the creeping broad-leaved foliage of spreading gourd and crimson bean, Marco had seen a young and radiant face. The sight had checked his breath and sent the blood surging back to his heart. Mariuccia was in truth a comely, beaming Tuscan *contadina*.

In a second more the pair stood face to face.

"A happy evening to you, my daughter!"

"A happy evening to you, my son!"

Such was the patriarchal greeting of the youthful couple.

"Mariuccia, how does the world and love treat you?" demanded Marco, with a grave and sober air, wrenching as he spoke a tiny faded gourd from off the stalk, and tossing it high above them in the air.

"Not so badly, *Marco mio*! And how does it fare with you?" enquired Mariuccia, with a look of genial mischief in her dark eyes, which deepened the picturesque charm of her lovely face.

"How does it fare with me! As true as God in Paradise, my Mariuccia, in this moment I embrace the joys of heaven," replied Marco, with a kindling glance at Mariuccia's sweet face, and finely-rounded form, in which one already discerned the distant promise of the sensuous luxuriance which is so general a characteristic of the women of her race and clime.

"He who is content enjoys himself, my son!" retorted Mariuccia, with a well-known sarcastic proverb of her tongue.

"Hear me, *Mariuccia mia*, I fain would say four words to thee," said Marco, with a quiver in his voice, as he drew closer to the trailing fence behind which Mariuccia demurely nipped the withered stems and buds.

Mariuccia, on hearing the tenderer form of address into which Marco had impetuously rushed, wore for a second a graver air, but soon regaining her merry bantering tone, she smilingly replied, —

"Even ten words, my son! Speak out then truly, what wilt thou say to me?"

"Hast thou not lately heard some gossips' tattle, Mariuccia, say?"

"What gossips' tattle, in the holy name of heaven?"

"Gossips' tattle about *thee* and *me*!"

"Oh! shame, my son! Thou art a brazen liar, my little Marco! Madonna dear! what chat is this? Marco, begone! I will not hear thee more. But tell me first, for heaven's love, what *do* the ugly gossips say?"

"They say, oh Mariuccia dear, what I wish to God were true! Hold thine ear a little closer. Mariuccia sweet, the gossips vow to God that you and I make love together."

"Oh! *Jesu mio*! what evil tongues have they! Could we not count on our ten fingers all the times we have met and chatted? *Out!* the lying race of witches! But cheer up, Marco, they neither make us hot nor cold. The moon heeds not the baying dog, and why should we their ugly scandal? *Addio*; now, my Marco, I must begone! A happy night, my son, to thee."

"Hear me first, oh Mariuccia, pray! And, were the gossips' tattle true, what shame, what miracle would it be? Am I not a youth, and art thou not a maiden? Say yes, or no, to me! To tell thee all the holy truth, the gossips' tattle all comes from me. For I would wish with all my soul to make true love with thee! Does this displease thee, my Mariuccia, say?"

"Oh! Mother of God! does this displease me? No, in truth! I would quite willingly agree. But hear me well, my son; it is not I who can either bind or loose you! It is not I who can give you yes or no. First we must hear my father's will, and ask my mother's pleasure. Has she not borne me, and must we not content her? If they both make thee a friendly face, and take thee into favor, I vow to God, my Marco, no difficulties shall be made by me. Does this content thee, say? I have their holiest order to give no pledge and make no love unless they both agree."

"Oh! what scruples! what lying words

are these! In truth thou art well named. Thou art, indeed, a frigid wooden little Madonnina. Where is thy father Tonino and thy mother Ernesta? I will ask them now this very hour, and if they make an evil face or won't agree, I swear I'll die with grief, I'll burst with rage."

"Oh! Marco, art thou mad and fit to be tied? What hour is this? What wouldst thou do? Return to-morrow at vespertide, and tell them all in holy quiet. And now begone? Oh! Mother of God, what would the gossips say were thou and I found here together? Away! away! Be quick, oh Marco, and do not stay. For heaven's holy love, I hear my father! If he comes here, we shall have slaughter! A happy evening to thee! A thousand times *addio*."

"Mariuccia! Mariuccia! I have a passion at my heart for thee. For Heaven's holy love, stretch thine hand here to me." For a short second of joy Marco seized Mariuccia's brown and well-formed hand, and ere she had time to disengage it from his grasp, pressed it closely to his quivering lips. Then wrenching himself from the enchanted spot, he plunged headlong down the broken mountain track, and never paused until, breathless and almost speechless, he stood on the threshold of his own dwelling. "My little mother, have pity and compassion," he said, on entering; "to-night Mariuccia is my promised bride, and before the chestnuts fall she shall be my wedded wife."

"It shall be as God permits, my son!" was the wily donkey-wife's reply. Her eyes blazed with rage, and her cheek turned green as a withered olive leaf; but a glance at her son's face had sufficed to warn her not to waste her words in a second bitter, bootless struggle.

On feeling Marco's unwarrantable caress, Mariuccia had started as if a viper had struck her—with the innate shrinking of the upright southern *contadina* from the simplest endearment, which, if once admitted, is too apt to lead to licentious freedom—her eyes darkened with grave displeasure, and her sweet smiling mouth assumed an expression of almost latent sternness and force of will.

"Marco! Marco!" she muttered, "keep your place, my son, and bear respect to others! Such ugly freedom is not for me! *Jesù mio*! What would my mother say? What would my father do?"

Then suddenly her young face relaxed and smoothed, a bright crimson flushed the golden brown of her cheek, her eyes grew bright with joy, and pushing from off her

smooth, wide brow her thick, wavy hair, she clasped her hands together with a sudden sense of happiness. "Oh, Mother of God!" she murmured, "what content! what joy is mine!"

Hastily re-entering the still untenanted hut, she busily prepared the family supper, consisting of eggs cooked in oil, and flat-tish cakes of chestnut flour.

"What hast thou been doing, my daughter, say?" inquired Tonino the wool-comber, on his return home, peering inquisitorially into Mariuccia's eyes, and laying aside, with Tuscan carefulness, the implements of his daily toil.

"What hast thou been doing, my daughter, say?" reiterated like a mountain echo Ernesta, Mariuccia's mother, as she crossed the threshold with a faggot of brambles under each arm, and a load of chestnut leaves pyramidically piled on the crown of her head; these latter being employed in baking the *necci*, or chestnut-flour cakes, on flat round stones, which, previous to being heated, are daintily lined with fresh green leaves of the invaluable chestnut, the chief support and sustenance of the frugal mountaineers.

Both parents in their queries were moved by the deep distrust and apprehension which causes parents of the south to watch with such jealous closeness over their unmarried daughters.

"The speckled hen strayed far away and I have been searching for her. The little rambling witch has made me fly through wood and dale, but, thanks to heaven, at last I caught her!" was, alas! the perfidious answer that came pat from Mariuccia's lips.

"*Mariuccia, mia bella!* Far from thee I live on grief! Oh! happy me were I thy kerchief, were I thy bodice! For thee I would be flayed, would be slaughtered. I kiss your eyes, my little angel! I kiss your golden mouth of love!"

Some such were Marco's musings that night when, seated on the low, dilapidated parapet of the threshing area, he enjoyed in happy solitude his evening smoke.

"*O Jesù mio!* I get a fever from my despair! What rage, what bile is mine! What a cross and passion I have to bear! My liver is gnawed with grief and spite!" Such were Marco's mother's contemporaneous cogitations as she watched her golden ripe tomatoes boil and bubble down into the thick pungent paste or *conserva*, which forms one of the chief bases of Italian culinary science and seasonings.

The day following Marco's momentous

interview with Mariuccia lingered on with endless tedium for the youthful pair. The Madonna alone can tell how Marco followed, like a walking automaton, his mother's charcoal-laden donkeys to the neighboring hamlets.

If these quadrupeds arrived in safety, without plunging headlong down the picturesque and precipitous ravines by which the mountain tracks are flanked, to their own sagacity and agility be the credit, and not to their heedless guardian.

To his mother's most influential customers Marco replied but curtly and *senza complimenti*; he discharged his cargo in sullen abstraction, and hastily resumed his way.

"Poor son! poor son!" observed the sagacious crone Olimpia; "one reads it in his eye; he has a passion in his blood, and woe to Marco if he meets tribulation when he makes love."

"When he makes love!" retorted Irene, her daughter, a fine, boldly picturesque young woman, with a wild light of passion in her face, and an imperial pride in her air, and whose hair, twisted in thick black cables, set off her heathen-goddess-like head. "Marco does little else all the holy year," she added, with a bitter cynical sneer on her handsome and vindictive features. "He has a new caprice in his blood with every rising moon! What poor, accursed dupe gives heed to him, perfidious, lying little viper!"

"Like you at Easter last, you ugly owl," incautiously interposed a girl of wild apish appearance, who was shelling, at some distance from her elder sister, the ripe golden cones of Indian corn from their soft elastic husks, which served for the winter bedding of the entire household.

The elder girl started to her feet in speechless rage, her eyes blazed, and her teeth set, and not before some seconds did she recover the power of articulating her savage wrath.

"Say not that again, thou filthy, lying gossip!" she at length vociferated, seizing with looks of fury a full golden maize-cone, which she hurled with dexterous aim at the offender's head, striking with such hearty force, that from the grazed temple the blood trickled slowly down her face.

"Ah, infamous assassin, may the Lord send you a fit!" panted forth the wounded elf. "Ah, you shall die by my hand! I shall split your head like a rotten walnut! I shall crush you like an evil toad! May the hand wither that struck that perfidious blow! May a thunderbolt fulminate thee, oh accursed cow!"

"Ho, you women!" shouted a wild, imperious-eyed youth, who suddenly emerged from the low and dingy family den, brandishing a gigantic wooden ladle around his own half-crazed head. "Peace with your accursed gabble! Daughters of a dog! Silence, if you value your ugly muzzles! Woe to you, oh women, if I lay my hands on one of you this holy hour! I vow to God there shall be slaughter! Enough, oh accursed gossips, say! Are you or I to command this blessed day? Patience! Peace, I say! *Corpo di Bacco! Sangue di Dio!* What chattering evil owls are these!"

The riot amongst the slavishly subservient women was quelled before the imminent slaughter or indiscriminate cuffing had been applied by the rhodomontading youth, who, in virtue of his superior lordly sex, and in the absence of the elder men, was deputed to impose order and maintain peace amongst the females of the clan.

Twirling his imposing ladle once more around his head, the youth stamped his clog-shod foot like a demon in a pantomime, and, with a fierce sense of superiority over things human and unseen, he ejaculated melodramatically: "Sow of a woman! Pig of a Devil!" and departed abruptly from the scene.

Marco, in happy unconsciousness of the clamorous excitement caused by his own callous indifference to his *ci-devant bella*, the fiery-blooded and vengeful Irene, proceeded with increased celerity in the direction of his own valley. Having, with abstracted mind, partaken hastily of a highly-seasoned mess of winter beans redolent of garlic, tomato, and pimento, which, with rough-made bread and a few walnuts, still almost green, constituted his afternoon meal, Marco dressed himself with sedulous care in his most festal attire.

In his handsome suit of fine woollen texture, and his high-crowned, broad-leaved Calabrese hat, Marco, agile, supple, and slender, with his clear blazing eyes and his fine olive features, presented, it must be owned, a goodly appearance.

"My little mother, I go forth to walk."

"Go, go, my son! a happy voyage to thee I wish," was the parting greeting between mother and son, both being equally averse for the time to more explicit explanations.

"Is it permitted, may I enter?" demanded Marco Donati, as he stood on the threshold of Tonino the wool-comber's hut, and speaking with the quaint formality of the Tuscan *contadino* on state occasions and in festal attire.

"Pass, pass, my son! A happy evening to thee. What dost thou here, Briccone? *Per Bacco!* Marco, how fine thou art! Ah, woe to the maidens when such a young Adonis draws near. Be seated here and let us gossip."

Tonino politely indicated a seat for Marco on the wooden bench beside himself, and then, with a courteous nod and a stately "with your permission," he resumed his work and continued teasing out a heap of fine and fleecy wool which lay piled in rich disorder around his feet.

It may truly be said that Tonino was a wool-gatherer as well as a wool-comber; a tuft of wool, he argued, was neither here nor there to his numerous employers. And so the fleecy, useful commodity accumulated like magic in Tonino's dwelling. Without sounding of trumpets or beating of drums, Tonino occasionally disposed of his spoils on advantageous terms to some of his least scrupulous neighbors, and by such transactions added materially to his means of living. "They are all of the same hair," said Tonino bitterly, in allusion to the galling closeness of his employers' supervision, which materially checked his own enterprising and predatory instincts.

Somewhat pilfering and more than somewhat lying, and a blatant braggart, was Tonino, we must admit; but he was neither fierce nor cruel by nature, and, unlike many of his neighbors, his roguish old heart was free from envious gall and bitterness. He loved with fervent warmth his wife and daughter, although, like all his race, he rhodomontaded towards both, and it needed all his true old wife's high spirit and fine sense to keep him permanently in check.

A fine specimen of the best type of a Tuscan peasant wife was Mariuccia's mother. Full of vigorous character and spirit, Ernesta had a frank and resolute nature, and possessed a temper at once sweet, firm, and equal. She loved her daughter with southern passion, and to her counsels, full of true wisdom and shrewd knowledge, much of the superiority of Mariuccia's own nature was due.

Nothing could be more dissimilar in appearance than our couple of worthy mountaineers. Tonino was of stout and thick dimensions, but in spite of his short, heavy form he was as wiry as a mountain goat and almost as woolly. His features, while suggesting much craft and shrewdness, bore an expression of genial humor, which softened the keen, thievish blink of his restless grey eyes.

Ernesta was of small and spare stature, and her refined features expressed much natural sensitiveness; her faithful soft eye and massive mouth and chin indicated the force and serenity of her nature, which so much resembled that of her daughter. She had the grave, dignified, and deferential manners which are so common among the Tuscan mountaineers.

After much irrelevant gossip between Tonino and Marco concerning the chances of chestnuts and Indian corn, of wool and walnuts, and various other topics, Marco was on the point of plunging into the object of his visit, when Tonino demanded with an air of much mystery, —

"Marco, hast thou heard the novel gossip?"

"What gossip, oh Tonino! Tell me, pray; I burn, I die to know."

"Palmira, Angiolino's bride, was bastinadoed at vesper hour last eventide, and before the rise of sun this blessed day, *per Bacco*, she had levanted! Angiolino is mad with rage and fit to tie, and swears he will slay her for the scandal."

"*Corpo di Bacco!* Thou dost amaze me; but, Tonino, say! That ugly pig of Angiolino, has *he* not made the scandal? Was Palmira not a comely maiden, and had she not a seemly dower?"

"What wilt thou have, my little Marco! Day and night he heard her moaning! her head was splitting, her back was breaking! *Corpo di Dio!* who could stand it? The neighbors, too, began to scoff and jeer him. I heard, myself, Andrea say, 'Oh, Angiolino, you are no man! Have you no hands to pound her? Pound her once with all your might and you will cure her.' And Argentina, Leonildo's wife, flouted at him worse than all. 'Oh wake her up, the sluggish little snail,' said she; 'give her two blows, and then you will see her work and dig and hoe! Her woeful face and pining air dishonors you before us all.' Now he has done it, and who can tell? Women, mayhap, like flies, are taken best with syrup. Marco, my son, who weds a wife need have two brains. If thou wilt marry, thou doest well; if not, thou doest better."

"Oh, Tonino, hear me, pray," exclaimed Marco on hearing Tonino's concluding words, as, moved by a sudden impulse, he drew closer to the moralizing old rogue.

"Does it displease thee? I would make love with Mariuccia with all my soul, if thou and Ernesta can both agree!"

"What sayst thou, Marco? What novelty is here? Hast thou and she made love already? *Per Dio!* quickly say!

You have met by stealth! she is led astray! *Corpo di Dio*, there will be blood drawn here."

"Tonino, I vow to heaven and swear on my soul Mariuccia knows not one crumb of what I say! I'll tell her now if we both agree, but if thou make a long unfriendly muzzle, I'll go my way and she shall never know. I swear I'll die but — silence, peace! I'll never speak."

"Your manners please me well, oh Marco! But gently, gently! This is not a skein of wool to be so quickly disentangled. Thou knowest, my son, who weds Mariuccia must not need her *scudi*. In truth, she needs no dower. *Per Bacco*, who can work as she? Who keep the house so neat and well? Without her, Marco, we are not fit to drag a spider from its den. I do not wish to raise her to the stars, but, *per Dio*, she is no woman, *she is a man!*"

"Tonino, hear! I love thy daughter, and bear her much respect as well. Her dower is not my heart's desire. If you agree, we will now make love together, and then before the days are shorter we shall wed."

"*Capperi!* Marco, how thou goest! He who goes slow goes sure, my son; but let us away and seek the women."

Mariuccia was speedily discovered returning from the adjoining wood, with her hands full of splendid egg-shaped mushrooms, of which her father hastily relieved her, observing with pompous gravity, — "My daughter, Marco has four words to say to thee." He then judiciously retired to a safe distance, leaving to the lovers a certain freedom, but at the same time commanding the fullest supervision of the interview.

"Mariuccia, my life, my soul!" whispered Marco, in a tone of transport, "I am as happy as the souls in Paradise."

"And I, my Marco, as if I touched the heavens with my very finger," replied the young girl, trembling with her artless, earnest joy and love.

"Dost thou swear to me, oh Mariuccia, to be my faithful, loving *dama* (lady-love)?" enquired Marco, drawing closer to her side, as if to allay the fierce pining for her sweet presence which had rendered the heavy hours of that interminable day so unbearable.

"I vow to God to take thee, Marco, for my true *damo*; but hear me well, and have compassion. I would not wish to pledge my word and give my soul to a false, perfidious lover. In holy truth when I give a pledge or sign a vow I do it most sincerely.

So heed me well, oh Marco! Do not swear away thy soul to-day, and then to-morrow plant me there without farewell or *buona notte*. Think of this, my son, and speak."

"Oh Mariuccia, what words are these! For whom dost thou take me, say? Am I a man to do such ugly deeds? Would I betray my own beloved *dama*? I swear by thine own angel head I shall ever love and be true to thee."

And Marco, kindling with fiery impulsiveness, stretched forth his hand and grasped passionately Mariuccia's arm, forgetful of the vigilant Tonino, who instantly and sternly confronted the disconcerted lovers.

"Hear me well, my children," he said, addressing them with genuine displeasure in his blinking eyes. "For six long years I, Tonino, Mariuccia's father, courted Ernesta, Mariuccia's mother; we gossiped much and chattered; but God protect us if once we exchanged a finger-tip or took such shamefaced, filthy freedom! Be this your guide and rule, my children! Discourse and chatter, but hands aloof! Enough, my Marco! Remember well, and bear in mind that

Man is flame and woman is tow,
And the Devil easily sets them aglow!"

When the news of Mariuccia's betrothal with Marco Donati spread through their native valley, it was greeted with a cordiality and good-will far from usual on such occasions amongst the mountaineers, who, although connected by intimate and constant intercourse, were for the most part irreconcilably divided by small local feuds, bitter personal animosities, and hereditary financial quarrels. It says much for the power of genuine goodness, that Mariuccia had not a single evil-wisher or detractor amidst the most contentious or slanderous of her neighbors. Her sweet and peaceful nature was heartily valued by those around her, especially by the mountaineers whose own bitter jars had often been composed to peace by the influence of Mariuccia's gentle presence.

One dark face deepened into a livid hue, and one fiery heart was filled with rage and despair, when the news of Mariuccia's engagement reached her ears — Irene, the fierce and showy beauty, who in her rage had wounded her mocking sister, and whose love passages with Marco had been stealthy and deep.

But even Irene spared Mariuccia in her wrath, and only muttered: "Holy God, he is mad! Mad fit to tie! Who laughs last

laughs best, my son! Mariuccia's *damo* — patience! it may be! But Mariuccia's *sposo* — may God fulminate him, *never!*”

Many sage counsels were poured into Mariuccia's ears by her wise and loving mother. “Beware, my daughter: bear respect and show it to Marco's mother, or thou wilt rue the day thou wedd'st him.”

“My little mother, you speak wisely, you say well.”

“Let not the gossips say aught of thee. Dwell with all in peace, bide at home, and have no tattling friends. Content with all thy heart the house you enter. Remember well a mouthful of bread is a mouthful of poison where spite and envy dwell. Be *subject* to thy husband and serve him well. Thou art a woman and *born to bow*. Give no heed, my daughter, to those who say, ‘When your husband says one word, you say *two*; when he makes a threat, you take a stone; when he gives a blow, you use the knife.’ Heed your mother, Mariuccia dear. If thou art maltreated, *peace* and *give no scandal!* A good wife makes a good husband. She who is judicious and wise knows when to close both ears and eyes.”

Marco's mother, L'Assunta, in accordance with one of the deepest tendencies of her pliant race, when she found opposition of no avail, *yielded* with every appearance of good-will, placing, like a true Italian, her cause in the care of fortune and the fates.

Her acquiescence grew much more cordial in consequence of a plan concerning Mariuccia which met with the donkey-wife's fullest commendation. A short period after her engagement with Marco, it was decreed by Mariuccia's parents that she should repair to the busy, toiling town of Pescia, and remain there until the date fixed for her marriage had arrived. The object of this proceeding was twofold. A sister of Tonino, a prosperous *pettinatrice* or hairdresser of Pescia, had volunteered to supply the *corredo*, or marriage outfit, including a stock of house-linen befitting the prosperity of Mariuccia's wedding. And both Tonino and Ernesta hailed with satisfaction a scheme by which they were exonerated from the arduous and watchful duties invariably imposed on family guardians during the courtship of a daughter.

Assunta calculated keenly on the chances of Mariuccia's absence, and on the effect it might possibly exert over the fickle and mobile passions of her son Marco.

“My daughter,” said the wily crone, “it seems to me a thousand years until I

see thee now under our roof. What wilt thou have? When first my Marco said he would wed the little Mariuccia, the news was no more welcome than a thorn in my eye; but now, my daughter, thou art welcome to me as Easter of the roses.”

“Mariuccia, I *cannot* live far from thee! I shall die and burst with grief! I shall live on sighs and melt away with rage and sorrow! It stabs my heart and gnaws my liver to part with thee,” were Marco's farewell words when Mariuccia at her departure took leave of her weeping mother, and loudly sobbing lover.

“Courage, my little mother! Cheer up, my Marco, and live in happiness,” were her parting words as her fine face, full of love and feeling, was borne from their view. Tonino accompanied his daughter to Pescia, and for the first time in twenty years remained a few days in his sister's house. On his return home, he bore Mariuccia's pebble chaplet to her mother, and a spray of blessed olive to her lover, both of which she kissed with fervor and with a simple trust in their protecting charm.

The period of Mariuccia's absence appeared to the poor girl dreary and leaden-winged beyond endurance; but at length the time fixed for the duration of the betrothal drew to an end, and the very day for her return to the mountains was appointed for the wedding. Her father and her lover awaited her at the same bleak little station of Pracchia, from whence a few short months previously she had so unwillingly departed.

Mariuccia fell on her father's neck with sobs of joy, eagerly enquired after her mother, and then, with flushed and radiant looks, held forth her hand to Marco, with all the tenderness of her love beaming from her faithful face. Hardly had Mariuccia's eyes rested on her lover's face than a dim perception of something wrong and changed chilled her to the very heart. Marco gazed on her with a more tender look than formerly, but in his eye she read a bewildered trouble and dread, and an imploring look, which filled Mariuccia's trusting nature with a foreboding of evil almost worse than any known calamity.

In her father's looks and manners she also seemed to detect a forced constraint and a pretence of cheerfulness, which made her heart sink and her limbs tremble.

Nevertheless, with her natural bravery she thrust from her the doubts and fear

which had so cruelly marred the happiness of her return; and she exchanged numerous hearty greetings with the neighbors, who all along the way to her dwelling welcomed her back with genuine good-will; although it seemed to her that even they addressed her with a sober tinge of pity and compassion.

On their arrival at the old hut, Mariuccia was met by her mother, whose greeting was silent and tender. Then her restless joy had reached its climax, and she flew to visit the hens, the goat, and the little garden, above which towered the purple mountain spires and pinnacles.

Marco followed her, and when they both stood once more side by side behind the tangle of budding plants where Marco had first declared his love, the girl stretched forth her hands to her lover, nor sought to check the first impulse of her pure love which she had felt to be uncontrollable. Marco caught her hand with passionate eagerness, gazed into her eyes with a strange look of anguish and fear, and flinging himself on the ground before her, he burst into loud sobs and groans.

"For the love of Christ, oh Marco, what afflicts thee?" she stammered in a trembling tone. "Do not fear to tell me! My blood is ice, my heart is stone; but speak, oh Marco, speak!"

With his face lowering to her feet, and amidst broken sounds of grief, Marco brought out his confession of faithlessness and shame. Dimly, as if in a dream, Mariuccia learned that during the dreary misery of her absence Marco had been again drawn within the snares of the bold Irene, to whom he had again renewed his stealthy visits until his heartless folly had resulted in consequences of direful disgrace to the girl, whose dishonored fame was now no longer the whispered gossip of far-seeing slanderous crones, but had become a matter of open public scandal. With gestures of despair he further added that Guido, the half-crazed and reckless brother of Irene, had sworn on the village altar to plant a dagger in Marco's throat unless he repaired by lawful marriage the disgrace of his sister Irene.

Marco seemed crazed with the bewilderment of weakness and despair, but with wild oaths he swore that no death would compel him to a union with the hated woman who had ensnared him into such shame and ruin.

Mariuccia heard him with a pain like death at her heart; her bright animated features seemed to grow pinched and sharpened as if with the pangs of hunger.

She laid her hand on her bosom as if she had been wounded there; and when her eyes rested on the humiliated form of her base lover she burst into bitter weeping.

"*Ahi! Marco mio!*" she sobbed, "I pardon and forgive thee! But what would a knife in *my* heart have been compared to this? Oh Mother of Jesus! what tears! what tears day and night I have to shed!"

Marco continued wildly to implore that Mariuccia would still consent to become his wife, but this she refused to promise with the gentle dignity which he knew by experience was not to be shaken.

Mariuccia at length prayed Marco to take leave of her for the night, without returning to her parents in the hut. They parted in bitter grief, and Marco would only consent to go on Mariuccia's promising to defer her irrevocable decision until his return on the following morning. When left once more alone Mariuccia again pushed back her wavy hair from her brow, and clasping her hands together she stood exactly as she had done on the same spot some short months before; but now, instead of expressing the excess of her joy, amidst tears and sobs she exclaimed, "Dear Mother of God! what a grief! what a passion is mine!" She made her way straight to her mother, who stood within the small dwelling, and laying her cheek on Ernesta's neck she sobbed as if her heart would break. "Oh mother, mother," she cried, "why have you ever borne me? Oh pray all the saints that Lord God may take my unhappy life!"

That night, which should have been one of unalloyed happiness, brought no peace or rest to the mountaineers. After hours of sleepless misery, poor Mariuccia rose before dawn, and busied herself as formerly with the small domestic arrangements of her rude home. The whole happy visions of her young life had melted away; and she now only possessed the bitter memories of her ruined hopes.

Early in the forenoon Mariuccia was summoned by name from without the house. On proceeding to the spot from whence she had been called she beheld in the distance the well-known form of the miserable Irene. The girl's aspect would have changed into pity the sternest hate, but in Mariuccia's merciful nature there was no hate or scorn, and no pining for revenge on the unhappy rival who had changed her life into such sudden bitterness.

With hands clasped and streaming eyes Irene cast herself at Mariuccia's feet, and with a pleading look in her large eyes she

broke forth in a voice that sounded like a cry, "*O Mariuccia mia!* I would not wish that thou shouldst be deceived by me! I am a poor unhappy girl, abandoned and condemned! And he who has led me into evil, looks at me no longer, and now maltreats me. The accursed traitor will know no more of me nor of the son I bear him! Hear me, *Mariuccia mia!* For the love of Christ do not thou forsake me! Tell him when he comes to thee, 'Begone, thou accursed perfidious dog! Thou hast betrayed another, and I will betray thee now.' Tell him 'Away, thou lying villain! I would not have thee for my *damo*. I would not wed thee now if thou couldst crown me with a crown of pearls!' Tell him, the ugly assassin, that if he makes a step towards thee, or lays a finger on thee, thou wilt slay him like an accursed viper. — *Ahi!* the day I knew that cruel Cain, the stone of malediction fell close to me. *Ah, Mariuccia, bella mia!* he has taken from me the little share of honor that once was mine. He has dragged me through a sea of mud and woe! But hear me now, my gentle, kindly daughter. As true as Christ was on the accursed cross he shall die by Guido's hand. Guido has sworn upon the Virgin's altar to plant a knife in his accursed throat and pierce him like a cruel hound. *Ah!* what grief, what shame is mine! *Ah, Mariuccia*, my good child, thy look is kind, thy heart is tender! Thou canst wear thy kerchief high, but I must hide my shame and draw it low. But wilt thou swear and promise me, *O mia cara*, to drive him from thy presence, to spurn him with thy foot, and spit upon him? Wilt thou do this, and then the assassinating, ugly traitor will yet be mine?"

"*Never*, by the most holy and eternal God!" yelled a voice which froze the blood in the two women's veins, as Marco suddenly emerged from behind the hut with looks of frenzied disorder in his wild defiant eyes. "Never, thou lying, dishonored owl! Begone, I can neither see nor suffer thee. Accursed carrion, I curse thee and abhor thee!"

The blood left Irene's dark face as Marco uttered the bitter, taunting execration. Her lips lost their glow and fulness, and changed to a thin, livid streak. Her features were distorted, and her frame agitated by her wild trouble. She uttered not a word; but with the assistance of Mariuccia, whose heart was filled with grief for her misery, she struggled to her feet.

Then all things rushed rapidly to a tragic crisis.

Withdrawing a few paces she bent her head like a crouching beast, and then, swift as lightning, she fell with the spring of a fury on Marco. Mariuccia, who had beheld the unhappy woman draw from her bosom a weapon during that short second of pause, cast herself shuddering between them, and in her own faithful loving bosom received the swift stinging blow of hate and vengeance. Irene closed her eyes a moment, and then, as if infuriated still more by the sight of the wounded girl, she struck the terrified and hesitating Marco to the heart.

He fell and died almost without a movement.

Mariuccia survived some hours, and sank gently to rest in her mother's arms, with words of mercy and forgiveness on her faithful and loving lips.

Irene was sent to expiate her crime in a penal reformatory; but after a brief interval she died in giving birth to a crippled waif, the son of the murdered Marco.

Assunta's hair whitened, and a deeper shadow fell over her entire person during the first days of her hard grief for the death of her son. But she saved with even more greed than before.

Some years subsequent to the events narrated in this little Apennine drama, the writer visited for the first time the valley of Pian del Monte. In the absence of carriage-roads or safe mountain tracks, we had recourse to *la ciucaia*, and secured one of her wise and nimble donkeys for the summer season, Assunta herself being engaged to serve as guide.

One glorious summer evening, as we were seated on the fine fragrant herbage which clothes the mountains to the summit, the quaint melodies of the Tuscan peasant songs, and the tinkling bells of the flocks returning from their distant and lofty pasturage, filled the air; while the enchantment of the sunset hour rejoiced our eyes. The sheep drew near to lick our hands with fearless friendliness, and the brown-skinned peasants found the way to cross our path, and greet with polished grace the *forestiera*. We took sketches of the delicious scene and figures, and listened with eager ear to old Assunta while she related, with many digressions and excursions, in the classical and picturesque idiom of the Tuscan Apennines, the substance of this episode of southern passion, which we have put into the form of a consecutive narrative in the third person.

"What will you have, *signora mia?*" said the crone, knitting her coarse wool

as if for life, and peering with bright undimmed eyes into our face. "Every mountain has its valley; and Marco, poor son, had his vice. He *would* wed a wife without a *scudo*, and see how God has castigated him!"

Such was the *moral* of the Apennine donkey-wife's story.

On a subsequent visit to the valley we enquired for Assunta, and found she was dead. Her gains amounted to large rustic wealth. Only at her dying hour did she give ear to the counsels of Don Domenico, the faithful old pastor of the valley, and bequeath her entire property to the deformed child of her murdered son. Nevertheless, with her expiring breath, she refused to admit the child to her presence, and died filled with scruples at having enriched "a jest of nature — an evil cripple, marked by Christ like Cain."

From The Leisure Hour.

WIT IN COURT.

KEEN and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunket was once engaged in a case, when, towards the end of the afternoon, it became a question whether the court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunket expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set." "Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding judge, "not 'set;' hens set." "I thank you, my lord," said Plunket. The case proceeded, and presently the judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case, he feared the action would not "lay." "Lie, my lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister, "not lay; hens lay." — "If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a testy and irritable judge, "I'll fine you a hundred pounds." "I'll give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply. — Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of his head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think this implied a difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it." On another occasion Curran was pleading before Fitzgibbon, the

Irish chancellor, with whom he was on terms of anything but friendship. The chancellor, with the distinct purpose, as it would seem, of insulting the advocate, brought with him on to the bench a large Newfoundland dog, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention while Curran was addressing a very elaborate argument to him. At a very material point in the speech the judge turned quite away, and seemed to be wholly engrossed with his dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lords," said the witty barrister, "I really was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation." But perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this same advocate hurled at Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench — so, at least, it was commonly believed — simply because he had written in favor of the government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retaliation: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."